

# SPIRIT

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From the Monthly Magazine.

### UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY ; IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

#### THE VALLEY OF TRAVERS.

Neufchatel ; Sept. 11, 1816.

My dear Madam,

WHEN I last bade you farewell, I was on the frontiers of this wonderful country. I informed you that it was our intention to traverse Switzerland *en pèlerin* : this project we did not abandon.

From Pontarlier, a winding road conducted us thro' a valley, which resembled no scenery that we had yet beheld, altho' many views in Franche Comté are truly Alpine ; and, after passing the last village of France, called the Verrières de Joux, we entered the first of Switzerland, called the Verrières Suisse. The frontier is indicated by a tree on the right-hand side of the road, and by a parapet-wall of stone, which runs up the mountain on the left. Perhaps a hundred and fifty yards do not divide these villages, yet are the residents of them separated, as wide as the poles asunder, by sentiments and by religion—the Catholic being that of the Verrières de Joux, and the Protestant that of the Verrières Suisse. How incontrovertibly does this prove that the religion of an individual is not adopted as the result of wise and mature deliberation, but that it originates in birth, circumstance, or accident ! Altho' the residents of a valley, where every object is calculated to exalt and humanize, yet do they hate each other with the con-

sistent and becoming cordiality of Protestants and Catholics. We breakfasted at the Verrières Suisse ; and here it was that our hostess acquainted us with the existence of these feelings, so amiable, so wise, so just, so orthodoxical !

I listened to her with more interest when she acquainted me that she had been a resident of the valley of Travers nearly half a century—that she had a perfect recollection of Rousseau, who was once a visitor of these delightful scenes—that he had often frequented her house—that he would enter it sometimes, and hastily desire to be shewn to a chamber where he could remain undisturbed ; and that she conducted him, upon these occasions, to a room, the door of which she opened as she spoke : in this chamber he often wrote, or rested himself during his rambles.

As we advanced into the valley, the wildness and irregularity which characterised the precipitous ascents on either side, disappeared ; the sides of the mountains became more smooth and verdant ; dark woods of spruce-fir hung on them, or covered their summits on our right ; and these, except the hardy juniper, were their only decorations ; but the opposite side of the vale, which is exposed to a southern sun, and a milder atmosphere, was, for the most part, richly adorned with ash, beech, hornbeam, and maple.

The scenery as we continued our route, underwent but little variation until our near approach to St. Sulpice, when the valley almost closed, and a narrow winding road only was left between the mountains, which here became rocky and almost perpendicular, and assumed forms of peculiar wildness. The trees which accompanied us were few and small: scarcely any thing but underwood broke the ruggedness of this ravine. We seated ourselves on some pieces of rock, which lay on the side of the road, and contemplated this scene of savage nature.

A peasant now passed;—we requested him to direct us to the source of the Reuse, which we had reason to believe was not far distant: in a few minutes we deviated from the road by a precipitous descent on our left. The dashing of the water indicated our approach to the object of our curiosity, and we soon beheld the Reuse rushing into its foaming bed, from the base of two precipices of entire rock, of immense magnitude. The sight and sound communicated a new feeling—deep—delicious—intense: since I have become a wanderer of the mountains, I have discovered that my love of nature, however ardent, was but a childish affection, compared with the maturity of passion which now transports my existence. The Reuse, and the mountain-pass, were the first objects which deeply affected us on entering Switzerland.

The valley now reassumed its verdure and beauty, and we passed the pretty village of Fleurier, on our way to Motiers, where Rousseau lived during three years of his eventful life: it was from this retreat that he was driven by the malice and persecution of the minister, Montmollin, and those villagers who “professed and called themselves Christians,” in consequence of the sentiments contained in the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*. The situation of Motiers is delightful; I do not wonder that “the man of nature and of truth” selected it—in doing so, and publishing his *Lettres de la Montagne*, he proved himself worthy of this appellation, and his sincerity cost him almost his life. It must have deeply afflicted him to quit this valley—all sounds, all objects, here, are quiescent

and beautiful! How frequently must language fail when we are traversing mountains, forests and torrents! how frequently must interjectional exclamations intrude, and prove that the lips and the pen are powerless when they attempt to describe scenes like those of the valley of Travers. On reading what I have written, I feel so conscious of the colourless descriptions which I have attempted to picture, that I almost regret the promise which I had the rashness to make you in person; how unwise, how presumptuous, was I when I trusted that admiration would generate capacity, and that, by my sketches of Alpine scenery, I could make you, in imagination, the companion of my route!

We had only to mention the name of Rousseau—the descendants of his contemporaries are well acquainted with the former residence of the philosopher; we were conducted to it. The house has nothing to distinguish it; it is at present the residence of an *accoucheuse*, who is highly respected throughout the valley, as much on account of her skill as the benevolence of her disposition; her name is Bossu.

It is not easy to express the feelings which I experienced on beholding the once cherished residence of Rousseau. Its appearance is as unobtrusive as the rest of the humble dwellings of this village: it is a corner-house; and the ascent to that part of it which Rousseau inhabited is by a flight of covered stairs, raised against one side of the house; at the top of the staircase is the entrance to the apartments of Rousseau. The first room was appropriated to culinary purposes, and the adjoining room to the kitchen, to the right of the entrance, was the chamber of the *gouvernante*, Therese. Opposite to the door of entrance is the room in which Rousseau slept and studied, and in which were composed some of his most celebrated productions: in this chamber is preserved the desk, consisting of a deal board, suspended by small hinges to the wall, at which he used to stand and write. The room, which had been left almost unaltered, even in its furniture, since Rousseau's decease, has been lately white-washed. At the top of, and opposite, the covered staircase, leading to the apartments, is a gallery



where he used to promenade, and at the extremity of it a bench, erected by himself. From this gallery was seen, to the left, a cascade, mentioned by Rousseau, I believe, in one of his letters, the view of which is now intercepted by a house, not long since erected; and to the right, half way up the mountain, is seen a favourite spot, where the philosopher used to walk and meditate; adjoining this is a wood of firs, called *bois Rousseau*, from the frequent visits paid to it by this enchanting visionary.

While I was making such inquiries of Mad. Bossu as were suggested by my situation, an aged woman made her appearance at the top of the gallery-stairs—it was Babet Perrin, the washerwoman of Rousseau. Although I am an admirer of the unequalled talents of Rousseau, I do not feel a very profound respect for the man; you will not therefore, be surprised that I did not throw my arms around the neck of this interesting damsel of fourscore, because she had seen the most extraordinary being of his species every week during three years, and perhaps (more interesting still) had felt the touch of his fingers' ends almost as frequently. Yet I considered myself fortunate in meeting her, and made enquiries relative to Rousseau's habits, dress, and general conduct towards the villagers, but particularly concerning the persecution which he experienced from the natives of Motiers. The villagers, it appears, are anxious to remove the disgrace which rests on the memory of their fathers; and, although I call to mind some instances of the extraordinary caprice and suspicion of Rousseau's mind and particularly his conduct towards David Hume, I am yet disposed to be-

lieve that he was indeed driven from his dwelling by the villagers, at the instigation of Montmollin, and the other ministers of the valley of Travers. The outer door of his house was forced, his windows shattered to pieces, and, but for the timely arrival of some military, who were in the village, the life of this injured man would have been sacrificed to their fury. So active, so unrelenting, is the spirit of persecution, that neither reason, truth, justice, the authority of the council, nor the interference and decrees of the king of Prussia, could protect him.

Would that my memory were less tenacious, or that the scenery of this valley had transported me less; I should then be enabled to confirm my promise; I would then attempt to describe what I beheld, what I felt. And must then these delightful hours be confined to memory alone? must I pass from one extreme to its opposite? yes, I feel that I must. Compared with what I saw and felt, a cold itinerary is all that I can offer you. I can only say that we continued our route through Bouvet, Travers; that we passed the Clusette at Noirague, and spent the night at the romantic village of Brot, and at the house where Rousseau used to sleep when he visited Colombier, the summer residence of Lord Keith, at that time governor of Neuchâtel; that in the morning we resumed our walk, and, after passing the villages of Rochefort and Corcelles, arrived about noon at Neuchâtel. This must be written without comment; the first of painters, the greatest of poets would worship nature here, and pass on; they would not expose the utter incapacity of painting and of poetry, to picture scenes like these. T. H.

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## SAGACITY OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

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To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,  
**I** WAS exceedingly amused with the article on Animal Sagacity in your Magazine: such instances bring the animal very close to the human species, in reason and good conduct; it almost traces an affinity to mankind—much more so, certainly, than would be done

by any pedigree, or other effort to demonstrate a genealogy. They are nearly as surprising as that anecdote related (by Goldsmith, I believe) of a venerable dog, who had been brought up and instructed in the family of a strict Roman Catholic, and who, at the close of his life, was sent across the channel into

Wales, to finish his days in the family of a Protestant. Such, however, was the force of precept and example, (some would call it conscience, and a sense of duty,) that nothing, from the moment he entered the Protestant circle, would tempt him to eat meat, either on Fridays or Saturdays.

But I think, Mr. Editor, I can give you an instance of sagacity in the canine breed more astonishing far than that, or any other, it ever was my chance to hear: it was related to me, I assure you, as an undeniable fact, and names of persons and places attended the relation of it: my author was a Prussian officer, who, a little time back, visited this metropolis, and it was my lot to hand him about, and shew him the curiosities. A German count had a very valuable dog, a large and noble-looking animal: in some description of field-sports he was reckoned exceedingly useful, and a friend of the count's applied for the loan of the dog for a few weeks' excursion in the country: it was granted; and, in the course of the rambles, the dog, by a fall, either dislocated or gave a severe fracture to one of his legs. The borrower of the dog was in the greatest alarm, knowing well how greatly the count valued him; and, fearing to disclose the fact, brought him secretly to the count's surgeon, a skilful man, to restore the limb. After some weeks' application, the surgeon succeeded, the dog was returned, and all was well. A month or six weeks after this period, the surgeon was sitting gravely in his closet, pursuing his studies, when he heard a violent scratching at the bottom of the door; he rose, and on opening it, to his surprise, he saw the dog, his late patient, before him, in company with another dog, who had broken his leg, and was thus brought by his friend to be cured in the same manner.

I have heard before now a farmer say, that he had a horse in his stable who always, on losing his shoe, went of his own accord to a farrier's shop, a mile off; but I never yet heard of a horse taking another horse to the farrier for the purpose. In the case of the dogs, there must have been a communication of ideas; they must have come to a conclusion before they set out: they must have reasoned together on the

way, discussing the merits of the surgeon, and the nature of the wound.

A young cat, which sometimes has the indulgence of taking her place in the domestic circle upon the carpet before the fire in the parlour, coming in one day a few weeks ago, when one of the party was spinning upon a line wheel, which she had never seen before, she seemed extremely alarmed by its appearance and motion, and couched down in an attitude of fear, and of investigation, and yet at such a distance as would admit of a speedy retreat, if it should prove to be alive and an enemy.—She crept slowly all round the wheel, with her eyes steadily fixed upon it, and with a very singular expression of countenance, which clearly indicated her consideration; till at length not being able to satisfy herself, she retreated towards the door, impatiently waiting to make her escape, which she did, the moment it was in her power, with great precipitation.

The next morning when she came into the room, the wheel then standing still, she advanced courageously towards it, and after an apparently careful examination walking all round, ventured upon the further experiment of endeavouring to ascertain with her paw, touching it in various places, whether there was really any thing to be apprehended from it; still not finding any motion, our philosopher of the Newtonian school, satisfied with this complete investigation that she had nothing to fear, seated herself quietly by the fire; and the next time she saw it in motion, sprung gaily forward and enjoyed her triumph by playing with the object of her former terror.

#### DOGS UPON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

The country near the village of St. Peter, the last in the Valais was now, says the relator, perfectly wild and barren, no more green trees being to be seen, and all verdure lost in a boundless waste of snow. No sound was to be heard, but the song of the *Alpine Lark*, or at long intervals, the bleating of the *Chamois*. But even these tones ceased, after I had proceeded about half an hour longer in the snow, nor till I came near the monastery (of St. Bernard) did any others succeed, but the awful thunder of the *avalanche*, or falls of snow. It is in the midst of this frightful solitude, that



travellers are so often overwhelmed beneath these tremendous masses, or benumbed in snow showers ; but, through the benevolence of the canons of St. Bernard, assisted by their dogs and sounding poles, they are sometimes rescued from such a state of destruction, and restored again to life.

The perpetual sinking in the snow fatigued me so much, that I began to hesitate whether I must not sit down and rest myself ; when I heard the great bell of the monastery, which, pouring with a slow and hollow clang through a wild rocky chasm, had an inexpressibly solemn effect ; the conviction it afforded me, however, that I was near the end of my toils, instantaneously renewed my strength, and I pushed on eagerly, when I soon beheld the edifice itself high above me, in a deep blue atmosphere, at the edge of a rugged rock. To an eye accustomed to beholding the habitations of man, surrounded by gardens, meadows, rivulets, and groves, the sight of a large and regular pile of building situated in the midst of this wilderness, on a gigantic eminence, with clouds rolling at its foot, and encompassed only by beds of ice and snow, stretching through a boundless labyrinth of rugged vales, and gullies, in mournful immutability, was awfully impressive. In this chilling region, elevated twelve hundred and forty-six fathoms above the level of the sea, the air preserves a never-ceasing winter, and, even at mid-day in the month of August, the thermometer rarely stands above the freezing point. A small lake, which lies on the South side of the monastery, is never wholly thawed ; nor does any green sedge or rushes relieve the desert appearance of its borders.

I now entered the monastery, and found the canons at breakfast, who received me with undissembled hospitality, and, in the most polite and obliging manner, entreated me to prolong my stay with them, at my own pleasure. In the very rudest seasons, as often as it snows, or the weather is foggy, some of these benevolent persons go forth, with long poles, and guided by their excellent dogs, seek the highway, which these sagacious animals never miss, how difficult soever to find. If, then, the wretched traveller has sunk beneath the force of the falling

snows, or is immersed beneath them, in a benumbing swoon, the dogs never fail finding the place of his interment, which they point out by scratching and snuffing, when the sufferer is dug out, and carried to the monastery, where every possible mean is used for his recovery.

Yet, notwithstanding all the care and attention of these worthy ecclesiastics, and their faithful dogs, scarcely a year passes, but, as the snow melts away in summer, the dead bodies of travellers are found ; who, remote from their homes, and all that was dear to them, perished here, unnoticed, and unknown. In this chilling region, where fire-wood is among the first necessities of life, it must all be brought by mules up a steep and rugged road, which is scarcely passable more than two months in the year.—*Spor.M.*

The following account is from a *German Almanac* recently published :

“ One of the predecessors of the dogs who lately perished in the *avalanches* from the Great St. Bernard, was named Barry.—This intelligent animal served the hospital of that mountain for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Drouaz, and the ice-house of *Balsora* : he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berny, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his hide is stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

## TRAVELS OF DON RAPHAEL.

From the Panorama.

**W**E have had several works giving cursory accounts of the manner of living of the Arabs, but the best have necessarily been imperfect. Don Raphael has surpassed all in obtaining information on the subject; and from the known character of the author, and his courage in sustaining every privation, and encountering every risk, to obtain true intelligence, with the absence of all prejudice, we are inclined to give him full credence in his curious sketches, and the more so, as the notes were the result of observation, and he could have no motive to deceive himself;—they were not intended for publication. Fortunately, his MS. fell into the hands of an excellent Arabic Scholar, M. Mayeux, pupil of that learned Orientalist, the Chevalier Langles, the French Persian Professor, and he has rendered a very acceptable service to literature, in rendering them public.

The first volume treats of the names, the position and strength of the tribes, and of the qualities which divide them from each other. The second and third volumes are devoted to their manners, customs, laws, government, and religious creeds.

Don Raphael enumerates fifty-seven distinct tribes, all differing from each other in some essential points; of these, eighteen inhabit Egypt, and thirty-nine Syria. Yet these various tribes we are accustomed to confound under the general name of *Arabs*. On this subject the Author observes,—I. “The carelessness with which narratives are written is the principal cause of the false notions and ridiculous opinions which we have of distant nations. Thus *Mussulmen* are called *Turks* in Europe, though they are no more so than the French, and they have on the contrary, a horror of the name of *Turk*, which is indeed an insult to them, and they only bestow it through excess of contempt on those people who have changed their religion.

It is thus, too, we call indiscriminately *Arabs* the *Bedouins* of the desert, the

people of the two Arabias, the Syrians, and the Inhabitants of Egypt, without considering that all those tribes, which indeed speak the same language, differ essentially among themselves by their customs, their manners, and even their origin. It would not be more ridiculous to confound under the common name of English, the natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland.”

We here notice a highly meritorious part of the plan of Don Raphael. The names of the various tribes frequently refuse all translation; therefore authors have in different countries given names somewhat resembling in sound the original, but always participating of the genius of the language in which they have been written. It is thus that the most difficult part of the translation is to find the synonymy of names, and from this cause we have so many of the heroes of Ancient History with names ending in *us*, though with the exception of the Romans it is very certain that no man's name ended in *us*. This folly has been brought down to modern times; thus De Thou called himself Thuanus. M. Mayeux wisely avoids this error in giving the Arabic orthography.

He commences with the tribes of Egypt, and the tribe of ARABS BENI ALY, or Arab *Bény Aly*, as they write it.

This tribe, he observes, is not properly Egyptian, but is so called from occasionally bringing to Alexandria, the only city where they are to be seen, butter, cheese, &c. From their dialect they are supposed to come from the environs of Tunis. They do not commit any disorders, but what they dare not take by force, they accomplish by fraud. The following is a curious example of this fact.

After the evacuation of nearly all Egypt, the French, besieged in Alexandria, rendered the reduction of it uncertain by the vigour of their defence. During the siege the Arabs Beni Ali arrived, according to their custom: to suffer their entrance into the town, to re-victual it,



and to prevent them by force from supplying it, was impossible. The English general deemed it best to purchase their alliance, and the offer was received with ardour. It was agreed that they should not furnish the town with either victuals or clothing. The English exhibited their gold, and the Arab swore by God, Mahomet, his head, and Eternity; but the rascals, profiting by the absence of their new allies, who were on board their ships, brought their merchandize into the city, with little more precaution, it is true. What was the consequence? five shillings were paid for what was worth only as many half-pence. The besiegers were duped, the besieged were victims, and the old adage was verified, *Inter duos litigantes tertius gaudet*.

Nearly all the classes of Bedouins are addicted to robbery, or regard it as the proper business of their lives; and on days of recreation the Bedouin relates with much complacency and pride, the success of his predatory excursions; how he robbed a farm-yard of the poultry, without awaking a human being;—how he met travellers in the desert, whom he stripped or killed, and brought home all their spoils in triumph, as an European general would recount the most brilliant of his exploits: and, all national prejudice apart, perhaps the balance of merit, or rather the minimum of evil or demerit, is in favour of the wandering Arab. He strips the traveller to procure his own subsistence. He is proud of his exploit. A sovereign sees a state which he fancies from its political, moral or physical weakness, may be made an easy prey, and thinks it glorious to murder one half of the population that he may reign over the other: which of these is least criminal in the eyes of a God of Justice? If a man take his neighbor's purse, or break open his house, he is hanged for it, and very justly: what then ought to be the punishment of those who rob kingdoms, and foully murder all who attempt to defend their property? The plundering Arab, compared with such, is a pattern of virtue.

Among all the savage nations, hospitality is a great virtue; and none carry it farther than the Arabs of the Desert. Claim the hospitality of an Arab, he will

ruin himself to feast you, and every one of his tribe is emulous to dispute the possession of the guest, whose stay is a continued round of mirth and feasting; but on the day of parting, it is not uncommon for an Arab to address his guest, after he has left the tent, "My friend, you are going to leave us; you possess property, you are sure to be robbed, and perhaps murdered, before you get out of the desert, therefore it will be better that we *who are your friends*, and have regaled you like our brother, should strip you, rather than the Arabs who have done nothing for you;" and without more ado, they dismiss him in a state of nature, to pursue his way without the risk of robbery. Plunder is the regular trade of nearly all the tribes of Bedouins, but they frequently restore what they have stolen, if their generosity is invoked.

"A christian going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, having separated himself from the caravan, was attacked by the Arabs, and stripped of every thing, even to his clothes. He now only thought of regaining his comrades as speedily as possible: but he had not gone far, when an idea struck him of putting the generosity of the Bedouins to the proof; he turned and cried with all his force, till he had made them hear him, and then addressing the very man who had stripped him, he said, "Oh Chief of the Arabs! a perverse Bedouin has robbed me of all I possess, and I implore thee, thou who art generous, who never betrayed thy honour, to procure my clothes and baggage to be restored." The Bedouin, stimulated by the address of this discourse, instantly replied, 'Thou art a crafty fellow, but since thou takest me by my honour—here, take thy effects which the rascally Arab has just brought me. I restore them, go thy way, and take care no other robs thee.'"

A Chief of a tribe related to me the following trait:—An old woman, a widow, and in extreme wretchedness, possessed only 16 ounces of meal for herself and seven children, until the evening of the following day; she made 8 little cakes; while they were baking, a poor wretch entered, and demanded wherewith to satisfy his hunger; without hesitation she presented him one of the cakes, and

in the evening distributed the other seven to her children, concealing from them her act of charity, and passing 48 hours without food. This fact occurred during the stay of the French army in Egypt, and paints the Arab better than any description.

"When a Bedouin is reduced to poverty, he does not go begging from tent to tent, but, addressing the chief of his tribe, declares his case. The chief instantly convokes the richest of the tribe, and thus addresses them: '*One of our brethren is in want, if you wish him to die, let me kill him rather than hunger; if not, you know your duty.*' It is enough, every one gives according to his means; one gives a camel, another an ewe, another a tent, another corn, &c. &c. so that it very often happens that he who was in the morning on the brink of starving, in the evening is richer than any of his benefactors."

The affecting picture of the Barmecides, who possessed all these heroic virtues, without staining them by any vice, shall conclude our extracts; we regret that the length of the narrative of Almonzer, mourning their fate, prevents us from presenting it to our readers, but we shall give a more recent anecdote of a people who were affable and enlightened, and generous as they were rich; the love of the people prepared their ruin, and the hatred of the Court completed it.

"During the time that the Barmecides inhabited the Desert, an Arab became so poor, that after having sold his domestic utensils, and even his tent, for subsistence, he set out without knowing whither to go, or what would become of him, wishing, by his disappearance, to conceal his wretchedness from those who had witnessed his prosperity. His wife accompanied him.—After wandering three days in the desert, he met another Bedouin, mounted on a nimble dromedary, with three camels heavily laden following him; he sung, and the beams of joy sparkled in his eye.

"Whence come you? where are you going? and who are you? were the first questions of the poor fugitive. I come from the vicinity of Bagdad, and I am going to Bassora; I was formerly rich, but ill luck triumphed over fortune, and

I was plunged in the abyss of misery, when I resolved to essay the beneficence of the Barmecides; I was told they were not only generous, but recompensed generosity in others; all I possessed was a sabre, I presented it to one of the chiefs of that illustrious family, and I accompanied my modest present with a couplet in his praise: he received it without making any reply, he no sooner cast his eyes on me than he left me. 'O vanity of human hopes,' cried I to myself, in my sorrow, 'God confounds the calculations of man, and dispenses prosperity and misfortune at his pleasure! Before dinner the Barmecide sent for me, and seated me at his table, night came, I was led to a tent; surprised at the manner of my reception, I surrendered my frame to sleep: a young slave entered with the morning sun, took me by the hand, and led me a few paces from the tent, and putting the reins of these three camels in my hand, 'Take these,' said he, 'and go in peace: such is my master's answer.'

"Astonished, I wished to fly to this generous mortal, and testify my gratitude, the servant stopped me, adding, 'your wish is vain, my master receives the thanks of no person; such is his custom, for he says, to suffer any one to thank us for a favor, is receiving the recompense of a good action, from man instead of waiting for the blessing of the Deity.'

"In silence I mounted this dromedary, which was also presented me, and departed. When I had travelled a few miles, leading my camels after me, I stopped to examine their burthen: they bear at least 100,000 *dinars* of precious effects, and three times as much in money, besides a small case; on opening it, I found my sabre with this note, 'My dear son, thy good intention sufficeth me, I would have offered thee more than my servant has presented thee on my account, but God has not placed them in my hands; peace be with thee.'

Encouraged by the success of this Bedouin, the other directed his steps to the Barmecides, and in three days he was ten times more rich than ever he had been in his life.

These extracts will suffice to give an idea of the merit and interest of this little work. The twenty-four plates which



accompany it are from good designs, and human nature in its most debased and illustrate the manners, customs, and ceremonies of those tribes, which exhibit its most exalted forms.

## UNSUCCESSFUL MACHINATIONS.

### OR, THE CASTLE OF DUNANACHY.

An interesting Tale of other Times.

“As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon’s grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me with all their deeds.”

.....  
OSSIAN.

**H**IGH on a rocky eminence on the western coast of Scotland stood the once magnificent and extensive castle of Dunanachy, the remains of which are yet often visited by the curious traveller, and, being preserved in tolerable repair, though not for many years inhabited by any branch of the family to whom the estates belong, they are generally accounted worthy of a tourist’s observation, and a sufficient reward for the trouble of riding across an extensive swampy moor that divides the neighbouring cultivated district and the woods, which rise in majestic grandeur on the heights, and in the glens, that lay sheltered by tremendous precipices from the breezes of the ocean, and present a countless variety of beautiful and romantic prospects in their various recesses.

Built on a lofty rocky eminence, projecting far into the sea, and forming one side of a noble bay, where vessels of the greatest burthen might in safety brave the fury of the elements, the castle was accessible only upon one side, by a winding road, across a deep and narrow dell, which served as a natural ditch, or moat, for the defence of the inhabitants, being frequently almost impassable, excepting by a bridge of rude construction thrown across a rapid stream that poured impetuously through the glen, and completed its turbulent course at the base of the rock on which the castle was placed, by falling over a ledge of rugged crags, and mingling its waters with the briny flood.

The entrance to the castle was through a gateway of prodigious dimensions, whence, by an arched and gloomy passage, lighted by narrow slips, and *Eoillettis*, the grand area of the building was approached, a space of unusual extent,

surrounded by embattled walls and towers of various heights, in one of which was a chapel, fitted up in a style of ancient gloomy grandeur; while beyond these, skirting the tremendous precipice that overhung the sea, were apartments and offices of every description, and almost out of number, adorned and furnished in the most magnificent and costly manner, but still wearing that air of heavy grandeur which suited the taste of former times, and presents so striking a contrast to the airy elegance and lightness of the modern style of architecture, and of fashionable decorations.

In former times the castle of Dunanachy was the abode of hospitality, the seat of cheerfulness and plenty; but the light and joy of the song are fled; the halls of the renowned are left desolate and solitary, amidst rocks that no more echo to the sound of the harp, amidst streams which murmur unheeded and unknown.

About a century and a half ago, William IV. Earl of Dunanachy, was the possessor of the castle, and the rich domains and revenues appertaining to the earldom. He married the only daughter of a northern chieftain, whose family though not ennobled, were no less ancient and respectable than his own. For several years peace and domestic happiness attended the owner of Dunanachy. The Earl was rather of an austere and haughty temper, proud of his high descent, and imperious in his will; but he was nevertheless accounted a man of strictly honourable principles, respected as a moral character, and generally accounted an affectionate husband to his amiable Countess, whose personal endowments, great even as they were allowed to be, were far overbalanced by

the excellencies of her heart and understanding, her mild and gentle disposition, her unaffected cheerfulness, and affability of manners.

Though she had become the mother of several children, it was the will of heaven to spare only one daughter, lovely as the blushing morn, to the wishes of her parents. Rather would the Earl it had been a son, who, with the estates, could have likewise inherited the title and perpetuated the name of Dunanachy. But fate had otherwise decreed it, and the beauteous Malvina, was the only one of his children whose health partook not of the delicacy of the Countess's constitution, but displayed a robust and strong frame, which, though far from being either masculine or ungraceful, appeared fitted for encountering the rude blasts of misfortune, and enduring storms of adversity, under which a less energetic mind, and more delicate constitution must have sunk to earth, and ere half her race was run have mingled with the dead.

In beauty as in health she grew the delight of her parents, and of all who had it in their power to judge of her loveliness and sweetness of disposition. Her soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Her face was like the light of the morning. Her hair like the raven's wing. In a word, she was one of nature's loveliest daughters. Her form was graceful; her complexion blooming and transparent; and her whole countenance was stamped with beauty, simplicity, intelligence, and modesty. When animated, she appeared a perfect Hebe; when pensive, her looks were interesting, full of sensibility and the softness of a Madona. Faultless as her person was the disposition of Malvina, and

"Though formed in beauty's softest mould,  
"No pride her spotless bosom knew."

Virtue, morality, and piety, were instilled into her mind, and when bereft of a mother's care at the age of twelve years, she attended with the most scrupulous exactness to the precepts and instruction of a lady of the name of Douglas, a distant relation of her lost parent, who had from her earliest infancy directed her education, and who was in all respects

completely qualified for the duty which had been allotted her.

Severe as unexpected was the blow which Malvina's feelings received on hearing of her mother's decease, for she was at the castle with her amiable preceptress when the mournful intelligence reached them that the Countess then on her journey with the Earl from London, had been suddenly attacked by an indisposition that baffled the skill of medicine, and hurried her to the grave. From that period Lord Dunanachy returned not to the castle for upwards of three years, and the cause assigned for his absence was his inability to endure the sight of his beloved daughter, the interesting pledge of his lamented Countess's affection, or re-visit the scene of former happiness, where he could only mourn an object loved and lost.

Malvina longed to see her father, but still her hopes met only disappointment and she had only to use every possible endeavour to reconcile her mind to his absence, and strive by unwearied attention to her improvement to render herself worthy his affection.

In music, and every accomplishment practised in those days, Mrs. Douglas was a proficient. An extensive intercourse with polished society in her youth, and a series of unforeseen and undeserved misfortunes, had taught her a perfect knowledge of the world, and at the same time bestowed upon her manners and conversation a peculiar ease and grace, but rarely to be found in females of those days, but which rendered her at all times a most pleasing, rational, and instructive companion for the charming pupil, who imperceptibly imbibed her opinions, and copied her manners, while she regarded and respected her with sentiments little differing from those she would have felt for her amiable parent, had she been spared to 'rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot.'

At length the Earl re-visited Dunanachy; but his presence, like many of those pleasures which we anticipate with hope and rapturous expectations, conveyed but a small share of satisfaction to the bosom of his daughter. A settled gloom, an increased haughtiness, and a repelling



reserve, checked the innocent and natural vivacity of Malvina, and she perceived with a grief she could not conceal, that he was become indifferent to her happiness, viewing her improvements in person and accomplishments with coldness, and contenting himself with merely assuring her she should ever be most dear to his heart, while he directed Mrs. Douglas to pursue that course with her pupil's education she judged most suited to her age and disposition, with an air of restraint and indifference that sensibly wounded, while it astonished that amiable woman, who perceived he was far more guided by a wish to avoid reproach as an indifferent parent, than actuated by any sentiment of affection for his lovely daughter.

From the period of the Earl's desertion of Dunanachy, the castle imperceptibly acquired an air of gloomy grandeur: a melancholy stillness reigned within its extensive walls; the family, which was then reduced to a small number when compared with its former inhabitants and numerous visitors, occupied but a part of the building; silence was in the halls where mirth and cheerfulness were wont to raise their voices; the lofty towers and heavy battlements overshadowed the moss-grown area, where often days passed over with no trace of human footstep crossing its desolate looking space. The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times to the gale.

Days, months, and years, wore imperceptibly away, and Malvina had completed her eighteenth year, still immured in the solitude of the castle of Dunanachy: she was happy, because nature had blessed her with an amiable and a cheerful disposition. Reason and a strong sense of duty towards both her Creator and her earthly parent, regulated her thoughts and actions. She was unacquainted with the world, its few real pleasures, its numerous delusions, and its various allurements; and as Mrs. Douglas foresaw no termination to the seclusion of her lovely pupil, at least while the Earl was in existence, she sought not to render her desirous of greater lib-

erty, nor to sigh for an intercourse with society. Malvina, therefore, felt not the miseries of disappointed expectation, nor the pain of her deprivations.

Twice only had her father visited the castle since she lost her other parent, but on neither occasion was his presence productive of the satisfaction anticipated by his daughter. His haughtiness and reserve were by no means lessened at his second visit: he seemed to shun rather than delight in the society of Malvina, whose extreme beauty, and perfect resemblance to the late countess appeared to occasion uneasiness instead of pleasure: rarely he spoke of her mother, and even a full length portrait of her Ladyship, which had adorned the principal apartment, was by his directions removed to another room, in a distant part of the castle, where visitors seldom were entertained, and where he had himself scarce any occasion to enter. Malvina sensibly felt this apparent slight upon the memory of her mother, but she dared not remonstrate; and she could only in private vent her grief, and the sentiments of her heart to Mrs. Douglas, whose sensibility was deeply wounded at this fresh instance of the Earl's indifference to the memory of a woman he had once professed to love with ardour, and who, well she knew, deserved the best affections and respect of a husband, for whom she would have sacrificed her existence, or endured the greatest hardships. But there was a mystery attending the actions of Lord Dunanachy, which was extraordinary in her eyes as it was impenetrable to her keenest researches. His mind seemed ill at ease: he would often start and look around him with the air of one much troubled in spirit, and apprehensive of some suddenly approaching object of terror. One person only enjoyed his confidence, or drew him from his fits of gloomy abstraction, and this was a domestic of the name of Maclaurin, who had been a favourite valet for a series of years, and, with the woman he had married (who was also the attendant of the Countess) was the person upon whom devolved the sole care of seeing the remains of their lady deposited in the coffin, and consigned to the burial-place at the

castle of Dunanachy ; the Earl having immediately, as they reported, quitted the fatal scene of his affliction on the demise of his beloved partner, and gave it them in charge to perform the necessary duties to their mistress with every outward mark of respect and due solemnity.

With her remains, therefore, Maclaurin and his wife returned to the castle, while the Earl pursued his route to a distant part of the kingdom, to bury himself in retirement, and indulge his grief unmolested by an intercourse with his fellow mortals. The last sad offices performed, and all the trappings of woe exhibited around the castle and its interior,

Maclaurin repaired to his master, and his wife remained at Dunanachy, where shortly afterwards she lost her life in child-birth, and her infant became the little plaything and favourite of Lady Malvina.

In this man the Earl still appeared to place unbounded confidence, and it was evident his haughty temper bent in the most submissive manner to the feet of a pampered menial ; while, such is the inconsistency of pride, he was becoming arrogant, impious, and overbearing, to all who were in the slightest degree under his control.

Concluded in our next.

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## MISERIES OF PEEVISHNESS.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

**I**T is generally understood, that by temper we mean that prevailing mental disposition of each individual, which is chiefly discovered in social intercourse. It has been justly remarked, that temper is distinguished from passions, as they by degrees subside ; whereas temper is the peculiar disposition habitually remaining after such commotions of the mind are over.

There are some dispositions that cannot be called good, and yet, strictly speaking, are not radically evil, such as a fearful, a fretful, or a capricious temper. There are others which are evil, but not in the highest degree, such as a surly or sulky temper. These must be very trying to amiable persons who are obliged to live with or submit to their ill humours ; but there are some which are really bad, being evil in their very nature, and disturbing the peace of society. Of these we may reckon the few following:—

The first is an *ungoverned* passionate temper. There are many most excellent characters who are naturally choleric, yet, restraining their irritability, they cannot be said to be ill-tempered ; but where a disposition of this kind is not under due government, there is no knowing what excesses such persons may be guilty of ; and indeed we very often see or hear of some dreadful effects of indulging sinful anger and passion. The

second is a *contradicting* disposition. A regard to truth or integrity will often put us under the necessity not only of thinking differently from others, but in discharging our duty we are obliged sometimes to use contradiction. This, however, is quite different from a vexatious humour, which habitually takes a malignant pleasure in contradicting others, in order to assume superiority, or to gratify a contentious spirit. Such a disposition must disturb the repose of society, as it provokes even the gentle part of it, and often raises the passions of the irritable to a high degree. The third is a *revengeful* temper. To shew a temperate resentment for any wrong done to us, is proper ; but there are too many, who, if you do them any injury, or if they take an affront, will be sure to seek revenge, or at least will not forgive. This is such a diabolical disposition, and often productive of so many direful consequences, that there is no need further to enlarge on it. The fourth is a *stubborn* temper. To be firm and decided in what we believe to be right, after due deliberation, is commendable ; but many are quite pertinacious in their opinion, or who, having once resolved on any thing, will listen to no advice, but persist in doing it. This obstinacy is generally founded on pride or haughtiness and frequently some of the weakest per-



sons are the most stubborn and self-willed. Many of this temper are so perverse as not to be persuaded to the contrary, though their own interest and happiness are obviously connected with taking such advice.

Let us now take a view of some of the chief good tempers; and the first I shall mention is an *open benevolent* disposition. There certainly is a prudent reserve that is becoming, especially before designing persons and strangers; and none should be indiscriminate in their benevolence. But where the heart is closed to what is generous, there must be a selfish, sordid, and narrow mind. Persons of good character have no need to have recourse to concealment, or what is mysterious, in their deportment; and they should do good according to their ability without injuring their families. Secondly, a *peaceable* temper. It is to be deeply regretted, that there are so many of such a spirit, that they often disturb their own peace, and that of others, in matters of a trifling nature. On the contrary, there are a few who are so very mild, as to be almost willing to give up the truth and justice, so that they can enjoy quietness. The latter disposition is much better than the former, yet it is not necessary that any should make such sacrifices in order to procure peace. A temper may be truly pacific, gentle, and condescending, and yet firmly determined to maintain what is right, by resisting injustice. Thirdly, a *cheerful* disposition. Some are constitutionally gloomy, and others, from mistaken notions of religion, think that, in order to be serious, they must be in some measure sad. A truly cheerful temper is lively, but not too light, and animated without being too volatile. Lastly, there is an *equanimity* of temper. Perhaps this is the most desirable of any, especially as it respects personal happiness. Not that there is any person of so even a disposition as never to be ruffled; but some have so much self-command as to be seldom very much elated or too much depressed.

Having offered many discriminating reflections on good and bad tempers, I shall now propose some admonitory advice respecting tempers in general. And

in the first place, *Never indulge an improper disposition.* We are naturally so blind to our own failings, that many ill-tempered persons do not know they are so, and very few are humble enough to own it. But as the mischiefs arising from cherishing such a disposition are manifold, therefore all possible means should be continually used to curb an improper temper. On this part of the subject an excellent modern author thus writes:—

“It will be readily acknowledged, that some are born with unhappy tempers, but more derive them from habitual indulgence. Persons in high life, or in easy circumstances, too often cherish their evil humours, having it in their power to gratify them, and being surrounded with flatterers. We may attribute most of the evils of domestic life to an unhappy determination of some bad-tempered persons *to have their own way*, and the want of condescension in others at the beginning of a disagreement. Habits of strict temperance, and especially the restraints of religion, are the very best means to prevent improper indulgences of this kind.” Secondly, *let not trifles put you out of temper.* We frequently see that small matters ruffle the mind more than such as are really important, especially where the natural temper is not good: and it is a lamentable fact, where more families have been divided or friends separated by the indulgence of evil tempers, than by most other occurrences. The following advice of a lady to one of her late pupils, is worthy of serious consideration, particularly by females:—“As our sex have quicker sensations than men, we have been charged with having sharper tempers, and being more unwilling to forgive than the other sex. I will not take upon me to say how far in general such a charge is true, but I hope, my dear, that it will not be so with you. O never forget that one great point to your present and future comfort is the due regulation of your temper, as an individual, and more particularly if you should become a wife and mother. The character of *Serena*, in Mr. Hayley’s poem on the *Triumphs of Temper*, is truly amiable, and such a lovely picture, as I wish you, my dear, and all females, frequently to

view, in order to imitate." Finally, *let every one to possess strive and preserve a good temper.* An amiable disposition is often the gift of nature in the conformation of the individual; but a proper education and a regular life, with the influence of vital religion, will contribute very much to form a good temper, and to sweeten and regulate one that is not so. It must also be remembered, that as old age, poverty, or disappointments, have a tendency, by degrees, to render excellent dispositions less amiable, persons under such circumstances should be on their guard, lest their temper, by such changes, be materially injured.

I shall leave the subject on the minds of your readers with the following appropriate quotation:—"Much has been written of late years respecting the miseries of life; but I am persuaded, that the principal source of most of them is the indulgence of bad tempers. Thus they poison the comforts of life, set a bad example, and are ungrateful to God for his bountiful goodness. Some of this

cast wear it in their visage, or to use a phrase of Shakspeare, they have a *vinegar aspect.* However, this is no certain rule; for it is well known, that many with an open and smiling countenance have very bad tempers. But now let us take a short view of the man who is habitually good tempered. Having only a good moral character, and common sense, he will be well received in life, though he may have no riches, learning, wit, or comeliness of person to recommend him. His pleasant behaviour and kind treatment of others will excite them to make suitable returns; and those who cannot serve him, will at least be gentle towards his errors and faults. He may not shine in conversation, but his affability and cheerfulness will please and enliven every company into which he comes. In sickness, poverty, or sorrow, he will always meet with some to help or sympathise with him, and his death will be sincerely lamented by all who were acquainted with him."

G. G. SCRAGGS.

## A TRIP TO PARIS.

*Continued from p. 67.*

**T**O form an opinion of the French character from that of the Parisians, would I think be forming it upon a defective basis. Besides that at the present time a stranger at Paris can hardly be said to live among the French, so much is it in the possession of foreigners, the extent of France contains more than one nation, and they may be supposed to exhibit as many different characters as they do physiognomies. Among the latter, I had long before, out of France, distinguished one particularly disagreeable to me, and which I met with in France for the first time among our postilions. This man's complexion was brown, with black rugged eye-brows, black coarse eye-lashes, the nose broad at the bottom, with large nostrils, and inclined to turn up, the mouth very large with thick lips, the head covered with black coarse hair, tied in a queue with a greasy ribbon. This character probably draws its origin from the more southern

provinces. The man was constantly in a passion with the horses, or something else, during the whole stage he drove us. The many fine countenances among the men, and fair complexions among the women, met with in this place, are no doubt indigenous to the more northern parts of France. Female beauty, as far as it consists in the elegant oval contour of the head, symmetrical disposition of the bones of the face, whiteness and delicacy of skin, tinted by the pencil of health with roseate hue on the cheek and crimson on the lips, appears to me, when I remember the fair daughters of Albion, very rare, among the Parisian dames at least. The shape of their heads commonly deviates too much from the elegant figure of the oval; but where this grace is added to the beauties peculiar to the French lady's face, the result is an interest and fascination from the whole to which only the words *je ne sçais quoi* can be applied.

The women of that class to which



shopkeepers and other tradesmen belong seem to me to bear more than their due proportion of the labours of society. These almost exclusively manage the business of the shops; and they cannot be too much praised for their unwearied industry. Many mothers among them do not allow themselves sufficient leisure to attend to their children, who are sent into the country to nurse. The women do not confine themselves to the mere sale of the goods; in the evening, when on account of the lights the inside of the shop can be better observed, I have seen women sitting, making or repairing a watch, engraving a seal, besides others engaged upon elegant needle-work. A shoemaker, whilst in his shop he takes the measure of your foot, will call out the size to his wife, who enters it into the order-book.—Such constant occupation from early in the morning till late at night, argues at least in favour of the character of those females who, from one end of the week to the other, are thus secured from the temptations which idleness furnishes; nor has any thing fallen under my observation tending to the prejudice of the character of this class of females, unless I consider as evidence the sarcastic smiles and significant shrugs of men who, without being able to make out a case, appear only desirous to make you believe that they are among the favourites who are admitted into the arcanæ of the boudoirs, though neither the minds nor persons of these men seem to possess any thing to recommend them.—Even the fore part of the Sunday (without adverting here to the irreligiosity of this practice) is employed by these females in the occupation of their shops; but the afternoon and evening of that day they consider as allotted for their recreation; they enjoy that opportunity to display their fashionable clothes, and to make their observations upon the taste of others.

The custom of females sitting down in coffee-houses, and taking their dinner there, I am told, has obtained, only since the Revolution. This exhibition, however, though novel to us, will appear much less objectionable when it is considered that these females always come attended by one or more gentlemen;

that the appearance of women being no novelty in those places, attracts no notice; and that Frenchmen drink their light wines with their meals, and do not sit afterwards over their bottles indulging in conversation, which would make it improper for females to be placed within hearing of them.

It seems to be generally admitted that Frenchwomen do not possess that kind of delicacy to which Sterne alludes, in that superior degree which brightens so much the charms of the British fair; and I have myself observed some ludicrous instances of this defect. This appears to be a strange anomaly in nature, considering the degree of taste and elegance in their deportment displayed by the ladies of France. This delicacy, whose existence is on occasions indicated by a blush, or expression of painful emotion, seems to me to be founded in an unconscious feeling of the mind of its purer nature than that of the body; and any idea which even by association only leads to a contemplation of the brutish nature of the body, creates a feeling of humiliation from which the unpolluted mind shrinks with aversion. So far I consider this feeling as expressed by delicacy, whilst that species of indelicacy more properly termed *obscenity*, I do not by any means consider as included in the charge against French females of the better classes. Yet the phenomenon of a female French artist being seen (as she was by me on more than one day) sitting before, and making a drawing from, a large male statue, totally naked, cannot be concealed, as it was seen by hundreds who visited the gallery of the Louvre at the same time. This, and some other exhibitions I witnessed, prove an unaccountable want of a sense of propriety and decency, from which in other countries the most lascivious propensities would be inferred to prevail; but here neither the individual seems to be conscious of such connexion, nor do other symptoms prove the existence of such propensities, nor do the people of this country seem to suspect them as necessarily existing with such conduct. It must appear strange that the French on their part should charge the English with want of a sense of delicacy, in being

entertained with, instead of being shocked at the indecencies and vulgarities of many of their favourite plays. With all this it must be allowed that, in many respects, there appears a greater propriety in the public conduct of the people here than in some other countries. No indecent writing or figuring on public buildings and walls evinces the coarse depravity of the lower classes of the people; no filthy, no blasphemous oaths, from the mouths of drunken men or women disgust or alarm the ears of modest females passing along the streets. The play-houses and public places of amusement are not occupied by courtesans, as by a garrison, whose *corps des gardes* are in the lobbies: and the very prostitutes at their places of rendezvous observe a degree of decorum.

Paris having ever been a court residence only, an external refinement of manners has been particularly cultivated here, and naturally diffused itself among the lowest classes of the people, who once at least were possessed of the ambition of being thought polite; whilst London, being not only a royal residence but at the same time the most important seaport in the world, must naturally exhibit a greater admixture of the rough manners of those who live in habitations floating upon the ocean. Perhaps there is also something in the sturdy mind of these islanders which will not be trimmed and tied down by the silken strings of politeness. Hence the more frequent broils in the streets of London. If here in Paris two Frenchmen run against each other, the case must appear at once very clearly against one of them, if each does not take the fault upon himself with many apologies. The nature of Frenchmen does not lead them to take occasion for quarrelling from circumstances like these, and least of all with a foreigner.\* "In a dispute between a stranger and a native of France," observed a Frenchman to me, "the Frenchman must have

a right and a half on his side in order to gain his cause;" so much will the presumed ignorance of the foreigner be allowed to tell in his favour.

At public exhibitions, and other public places, where either Frenchmen are admitted only on certain days, or where but a limited number of people can be placed, the foreigner is admitted every day, or has the preference given him before the natives. I feel no inclination fastidiously to inquire into the basis of this kind of politeness, as I have heard others do, who suspected vanity to be at the bottom of it, since Frenchmen consider themselves as a nation far superior to all others. Whether it be owing to this nation having been so much deceived, or to a consciousness of their own propensity to deceive, they show a most obvious disposition to suspect *finesse* every where; and the most palpable reason or cause they are sure to reject in search of a more recondite one. Perhaps this may also be a trait of vanity, which assumes an air of greater penetration than what belongs to the multitude. Buonaparte knew well how to avail himself of this feature in the character of Frenchmen, when he wished, in the course of his operations, to make them look to any cause suitable to his purpose, rather than to the most obvious and real one. There are men now in France, who pretend to so much penetration, as not to believe that Buonaparte escaped from Elba without the connivance of the English, who were desirous of renewing the war with France because they observed the French manufactures prosper too rapidly. "*L'on en veut jusqu'à nos fabriques; voila le secret!*" said a French gentleman from the south to me, who had been an officer in Buonaparte's guards, and was sufficiently imbued with that political insight for which Buonaparte thought it good policy to give them credit. A French officer related in company, in the presence of a friend of mine, that he had been commissioned by the magistrates of a country town to purchase a sword, which was to be presented to a Prussian general, as a compliment for the good conduct of his men whilst they were quartered in that town; "but," added the French officer, "I shall ask the

\* Without intending to question the justice of this observation of our correspondent, we cannot help adverting to the case of a respectable English gentleman of the name of Kean, who, for no other ostensible offence than that mentioned above, was but a few months since assassinated by a Frenchman in the streets of Paris.---EDITOR.



Prussian general to give me his address ; for as we shall in two years be at Berlin again, I intend to call on him, and demand the sword back of him."—Whilst I was standing on the Boulevards, looking at a print-shop, where there was exhibited a print of Buonaparte, with his face cut up into figures, and near it a portrait of Louis XVIII., I was addressed by a Frenchwoman with a very expressive countenance, pointing to these portraits : "*A present qu'il est bas ; on se moque de lui ; il vaut bien ce gros roi ; on le reverra ; il n'est pas mort.*" I hope I am right in thinking that this woman will not prove a Cassandra.—A Frenchman, a fellow-traveller in a diligence, could not bear the idea that he should be thought so destitute of penetration as to believe that the King of England is still alive, without, however, being able to mention a single reason why his death should be concealed.

The political fate of France, which has delivered her into the possession of foreign armies, together with her domestic differences, give a great check to the display of the national character ; whilst that original character has during the Revolution exhibited itself under so many different aspects, that it must be very difficult for an observer to seize upon the genuine and radical features of that character.

On an occasion where the French character was the subject of conversation, and surprise was expressed that the better part of the nation should have so tamely submitted to the sway of so many factions of the most unprincipled individuals, a French diplomatic gentleman replied : "The French, when collected in a numerous body in the face of the world, under the eyes of History and Fame, will attempt the most heroic exploits ; but if you take a Frenchman separately, under circumstances of great difficulty, and endeavour to make him take a decisive and active part in the cause, which to himself appears to have justice on its side, he will shrug up his shoulders, wring his hands, and—shed tears!" This at least corresponds well with the observation of Buonaparte upon the character of Murat, in one of his

intercepted letters written to his sister, the wife of Murat. As the French when assembled in great numbers may be capable of the highest enthusiasm of courage, so they seem also in such situations subject to panic ; whilst the last revolution alone has produced more than sufficient instances to show that individually they can have death, even certain death by the hand of the executioner.—I have read in some history of France, that formerly, when an engagement of consequence was to be entered into by individuals in that country, the parties were made to swear upon the tomb of some eminent saint to the performance of their engagement ; but that, in process of time, it was found necessary to take the parties to the tombs of several such saints to try to bind them to the execution of their engagement. A French historian, in noticing an eminent person among his countrymen, describes his character as most excellent, *only* that he was apt not to keep his word. This trait, as well as too great a readiness to proffer their services seems to me to be the effect of the want of a sufficient degree of strength in the character.—Whatever defects may appear to attach to the character of Frenchmen in particular, they are allowed to be exempt from that master-vice—drunkenness. What difference the absence of this vice must make in the happiness of the lower classes of the people, may not only be conjectured, but is evident from the appearance and conduct in public of those people in this country ; nay, the superior classes may bless their favoured lot, that their nation is not contaminated by that vice, in the train of which the poet or painter might depict every crime that has a name—a horrid procession !

The revolutionary career which France has run during so many years, has introduced an unexampled variety of political opinions, which were all kept compressed by the energy and splendour of Napoleon's government. These are now let loose—and Heaven knows what settlement will ultimately take place of this chaos of opinions of ultra-royalists, limited monarchists, republicans, democrats, and those who do not know what they

want, but are dissatisfied with what they have. An old, intelligent, French gentleman, of great respectability, contemplated this confusion of opinions with despair; thinking that it would ultimately lead to a division of the territory of France among the neighbouring powers. The mass of the French nation, I am inclined to think, still cling with their affections to Buonaparte. Such attachments are not founded upon reason only but upon a long habitual feeling. The men between twenty and thirty years of age, the hearts and arms (though not exactly the brains) of a nation, know little of the Bourbons; and these now come among them with disgrace and subjection preceding them, though the Bourbons be not by any means the cause of it. Instead of bulletins of their victorious Emperor from the Kremlin, half-way between Paris and Bagdad, and of splendid triumphal arches, they must now hear the decrees of the Bourbon king for raising contributions for foreign armies in possession of their country; the triumphal arches in their capital are before their faces despoiled of their decorations; and their boasted trophies of the master-pieces of art torn away from their splendid and costly depository. The enlightened—and God send it to be the greatest part of the nation!—must view this in its proper light; and see in the unbounded ambition of Napoleon, and in the slavish submission of the nation to him, the source and cause of the present unparalleled overthrow of France. Political liberty, for which the revolutionists overturned whatever was before held sacred in France, and sacrificed every principle, every human feeling—together with the happiness, property, and lives of millions—was entirely lost sight of, like a small star, in the blaze of the meridian sun of vain-glory; and the most hideous despotism lost all the horror of its infernal features when mounted in the dazzling car of victory. It is from weak monarchs, not from energetic tyrants, that liberty wrings concessions;—the true and intelligent friends of rational liberty in France must, therefore, consider the present state of the government as greatly favourable to their views; whilst Napoleon would have erased from the

alphabet the very letters that compose the word LIBERTY, and summed up his whole political creed in the words—GLORY *but* SLAVERY, *or* DEATH. To obey the Emperor, and promote the glory of France, was the basis of the new system of education introduced by this arch-despot; who, it is notorious, went so far as to have expunged from the edition of the classics to be used in schools, every passage having a tendency to feed in the youthful bosom the sacred flame of liberty, and of hatred of tyranny; whilst every new publication was obliged to undergo a similar mutilation. “Yet Napoleon knew how to give to his despotism an appearance of liberty,” observed a French lady; for among the ladies also Napoleon has a great number of adherents. This lady was a mother of two, if not more sons; for to many a mother the military system of Napoleon held forth the delightful prospect of seeing her sons returning in the splendid uniform of a general of division, covered with decorations, and possessed of an estate. That they might return cripples was a chance which their sanguine temper would not allow them to dwell upon. Nay, I remember an English mother, when I congratulated her on the peace, shaking her head, and observing: “We have three sons in the army—what is to become of them?”—“When my boy,” observed a French gentleman to me, “sees an officer in a fine uniform, decorated with military orders, he cries: *Papa, I shall one day be such a man!*”—How is this military spirit, created by the Révolution, and nourished during so many years, to be subdued at once into the sober disposition of men of business? The revolutionary state of France has lasted too long to expect a new order of things to be introduced with much less agitation than what attended the former change; and difficult beyond measure must be the task of those men who, by their judicious and prudent measures, are to render harmless the electric matter with which those clouds are charged that float in the political atmosphere of convulsed France. When you consider the situation of the government of the Bourbons on their return—the soldiers who swore fidelity to them, concealing



the cockade of Buonaparte at the bottom of their knapsacks--generals, magistrates, postmasters, collectors of taxes, &c. all either palsied, or acting clandestinely or openly in support of the usurper the moment he appears—where can you look but to the enlightened, generous, but energetic, measures of the Allied Sovereigns, to prevent a catastrophe which every one possessed of human feelings must deprecate, and contemplate with horror: I mean a general anarchy in France, under a government which has not a firm hold of the nation. It is undoubtedly as just as it is expedient that the French people should be made to feel some of that distress which they have so long been in the habit of inflicting on their neighbours; yet retaliation is a two-edged sword, which may severely lacerate the hand that wields it unskilfully.

The various species of political characters bred in the hot-house of the Revolution remain yet interwoven with society here, like the tangled weeds in a long-neglected field. Here you may meet with regicides and judges of the Sep-

tembral tribunals, as well as with old royalists, worm-eaten with devotion to absolute monarchy.—When I was the other day introduced to the Abbé —, he said: “*Tous les hommes, qui aiment la religion, la vertu et la morale, font une seule famille.*” Yet the abbé put his signature unsolicited to the sentence of death of the King. There was less consistency in the ejaculation of the abbé than in an admired courtesan’s exclaiming: “*Quand vous serez la bas sous la terre, vous ne jouirez le rien, jouissez donc !*”

I dined a few days ago with the Prince —, who inhabits a palace belonging to the Duke —. In a conversation after dinner, I explained to the prince the subscriptions that were going on among the English in consequence of the battle of Waterloo. “Ah!” said this amiable prince, “that is a noble nation;” and pointing to the silk coverings of the chairs and sofas in the rooms, “look, sir,” said he; “here you will find the richest embroideries. It is thus that these men here spend their money.”

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## JUVENILE BOOKS.

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To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I AM not a little astonished at the vast and extravagant circulation of what are called “Juvenile Books,” among persons who, from their stations in life, and education, ought to be supposed capable of acting more rationally. In the present system of infantine education, the young mind is clogged with, and is prevented from expanding, by that *hey-diddle-diddle* trash which fills the “Juvenile Libraries.”

I would not wish to be set down as a disciple of Jean Jaques Rousseau; on the contrary, I should be a sedulous advocate of fables; but I think that there are enough which might be resorted to, much better calculated to instil sense, wisdom, and caution, into the young mind, through the medium of fabled bestial speech, without resorting to the learned pages of *Mother Goose* or *Old Dame Hubbard*.

We all know that the mind, like the body, has its progressive stages from in-

fancy to maturity, and final decay; both are inseparably connected for life, like *shell* and *kernel*, and the treatment of both should be somewhat assimilated. The mind cannot grow to health and vigour, any more than the body, without wholesome food: like the latter, in the stage of its infancy, its diet should be light, but nutritious, and be more substantial as the powers of digestion get stronger; it is nature, and not the doctor or the nurse, that creates and invigorates this faculty. The seeds of useful knowledge and virtue are the proper nutriment for the human mind; carefully fed on these, it soon develops the symptoms of early vigour, and gives hopeful promise of shapely proportion and athletic maturity. But how can the mind, any more than the body, thrive, if fed in its infancy on the *slops* and *sugar-plums*, *lolly-popp*s and *green trash*, of hobgoblin tales, histories of dogs and cats, and all the nonsense of the nursery and parlour, which only stuff the *rickety* fancy with idle phantoms and false no-

tions, and clog the intellect and memory with error and superstition, which it must be the arduous task of the future teacher to sweep 'out of the mind, before he can make any effectual progress in rational instruction.

We have seen the most lamentable consequences from this erroneous treatment.—I have heard of generals who have repeatedly led armies to victory, and frequently stormed batteries pregnant with destruction, and yet who dare not go up-stairs alone in the dark, pass through a church-yard after dark, bear a cat in the room, or see a rat or a toad, without evincing strong symptoms of terror, merely from the indelible impressions made on their infant minds by vulgar nurses and servants, which the whole course of their subsequent education and intercourse with the world could not eradicate. Will it be said that the human mind is not alike susceptible of useful impressions equally per-

manent? or that early lessons of nature and philosophy may not be rendered quite as intelligible and interesting as the trash invented by the nurse or footman to terrify or astonish the childish understanding, ever hungry for knowledge of some shape or other, and ever craving for gratification?

Do the wonders of the creation that surround us on all sides afford no subjects for instruction, easily made interesting and intelligible to children? Can there be no lessons given of the great subjects—*Cause and Effect*, even from the vegetation of seeds, flowers, and fruits; nor of the wonderful and immutable laws of nature; from the sun, moon, and stars; and the infinite and astonishing variety and beauty of trees and animals, that so strikingly evince the omnipotence of the great Creator, and the precise and implicit obedience of all nature to His eternal laws?

Feb. 1817.

Y. D.

## FASHIONS.

To the Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*.

"L'Acoutumance nous rend tout familier,  
"Ce que nous parrissoit terrible etsingulier."  
DE LA FONTAINE.

SIR,

THE above quotation recurred to me this morning when I happened to inspect an old chest, in which are deposited some fineries of my ancestors, and in which my brothers and sisters and myself soon dressed in masquerade. The former possessors of these reliques had been residents in different countries; one of them (an uncle of my grandfather) was plenipotentiary to the court of Madrid; and certainly my brother Dick looked unusually handsome as a Spanish Chevalier. Another old fellow and his lady-wife had lived for years in Constantinople; and my brother Roger, who is six feet two inches in stature, frightened us in the habit and mustachios of a Turk, though Elinor appeared extremely elegant in the embroidered vest and brocade turban. Maria's shining tresses were concealed by the heavy veil of a novice: and Edward and I personified a beau and belle of the beginning of the last century. This employment occupied us so

entirely that we forgot the passing time, and had not many minutes finished our toilettes when we were summoned to dinner. No delay is in this case ever permitted, and we therefore hurried down without attempting to modernise our attire.

But unfortunately, Mr. Editor, our aunt, with whom we reside, is an old maid, and, as unfortunately, the person who shares in the labours of our guardianship is an old bachelor. The first is always railing at us young people because she cannot appear young herself; and the last is continually reviling the present generation because the present generation reviles him. On such reverend skins of parchment the only impression we could expect to make was an additional shrivel. We therefore entered with due gravity, and while they stared at us in silent amazement, we as silently took our places.

But woe to us! the footmen who waited were not so impenetrable; and when Edward asked one of them for a plate, his tie-wig and sagacious curls overcame their sense of respect, and they tittered aloud. The storm then burst:



they were dismissed the room; and the beau and belle who had, one been a member of the privy council, and the other maid of honour to a Queen, were severely reprimanded for our childish folly and the silly example we set to our younger sisters and brothers.

To turn the tempest would have been an useless effort; I therefore let it rage till it had exhausted itself, and then with much spirit took up the cause. I reminded Mr. Crabstock that he had pasquinaded my bare elbows ever since I had entered my teens, and now that they were decently veiled in treble ruffles he censured my levity! I retaliated on aunt Margery her scolding of the day before for having my shoes cut so low as to expose the shape of my instep, and when to please her I inclosed my feet up to the very ankle bones, and changed their appearance by setting my heels on a pair of pillars, she exclaimed at my evil example! The ruff that overshadowed my neck, and the stays that incased my waist, I next brought forward in repetition of her displeasure against modern indecorum. But in the midst of our dispute we were interrupted by the entrance of a lady who lives in our neighbourhood, and whose elegance of mind and manners have gained her considerable influence not only with the young but the old of our household. I instantly in the name of the culprits, made our appeal to her, and she soon not only restored us to peace by laughing at our amusement, but even induced the ancient senators to permit its continuance without further molestation.

Mrs. Gracemore is assuredly a charming woman; for though young, handsome, fashionable, and good humoured, she turns as she pleases our stately governors, who are old, ugly, ill-fashioned, and ill-natured; and by the time our tea had concluded, the reverend Crabstock and his colleague Margery became absolutely sociable, and even went so far as to pass their benediction on the good times in which the women went decently covered, and the men were decently behaved! This introduced a discussion on dresses; and those of Spain, Turkey, &c. were variously canvassed with satire or applause.

I, however, who pretend to some judgment in the fine arts, contended for our present style as being most classically becoming, and deduced the general and decisive proof that the painter or the statuary could not with classical propriety dress his productions in any costume so well as in that of the present mode of England. This provoked the sarcasms of Mr. Crabstock, who muttered something about a "modern maxim—the less covering the more beauty;" but Mrs. Gracemore's opinion soon ended the contest, by convincing me more in three minutes than the preaching of my legal dictators had done in three years.

"It is a just observation," said she, "that the present style of English dress is equally becoming and graceful, and as such is entitled to our approbation: but there is a limit which the woman of modesty cannot pass. The beautiful statues which have formed criterions for all succeeding ages are certainly no models of imitation for us wives and daughters, and though folly and variety may seduce votaries to the train of fashion, no female of a pure and delicate mind can so far forget her feelings as to subject herself to the licentious gaze of the coxcomb or the censures of the man of sense. Neither the ruff that overshadows the neck, nor the stays that increase the shape, are essential to real decorum; but when a woman, to catch the eye, abandons the innate consciousness of her sex she also abandons her claim to respect, and finds contempt where she hopes for admiration. The prevailing dress of a country every individual ought to adopt; the morals of a country it is the duty of every individual to preserve."

Mr. Editor, I never was intentionally indelicate, but this speech obliged me to remember, that I have sometimes been thoughtlessly so. I secretly vowed that the morals of my country should never again through me be individually questioned; and as it is probable many of your readers may through the same giddiness have been culpable of the same error, I resolved to transmit to you for their benefit, the hint I had received for my own. *CONSTANTIA CANDID.*

*Feb. 1817.*

## INTERESTING FEATURES OF REID'S ESSAYS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR.

**T**HERE is no one among the arts of civilized life which depends for its support so much upon its own merits as the art of medicine, and therefore none in which mystery is less necessary. The profession, so far from suffering, actually gains by such an increase of the general confidence as must necessarily follow every effort to circulate this species of knowledge. Resting upon the broad basis of its utility, the more extensively it is known, and the farther each individual is able to follow it in detail, the greater faith will be reposed in its professors; and, therefore, the greater benefit will they in return be able to render to their fellow-men. It is always a happy circumstance when men of education and talent devote their time to imparting to those out of the profession the result of their studies and professional experience. It is a noble ambition to be extensively useful, and the work I am about to notice is an effort to that object, well directed and happily successful. Dr. Reid has here given to the world a collection of Essays upon the most general causes of nervous diseases; the style in which they are written is elegant and graceful, unencumbered with technical terms or professional phrases; the language pure, the figures well chosen and appropriately introduced. The dictatorial style is softened down, even to the sweet voice of friendship, and an interest is awakened in the reader which carries him irresistibly along with his subject. They are illustrated by cases in themselves extremely curious and appropriate; most of them, having occurred during the doctor's own experience, are entirely new. The following finished passages are from the essay upon the undue fear of death, that most ordinary symptom of hypochondriasis:

"It is a circumstance somewhat remarkable, that those persons should be in general found to dread most their departure from this state of being, to whom it has proved least productive of enjoyment. The passion for life would seem

to be like that for country, which is said to be felt with the greatest vivacity by the natives of barren regions. Upon an apparently similar principle, after existence has lost every thing that could enliven or embellish it, we often become more enamoured of its present deformity than we were with its former loveliness. When all is gone by, that could render the world reasonably dear to us, our attachment to it not only remains, but appears frequently to be strengthened rather than to be impaired by the departure of whatever could justify its continuance. The love of life, one might fancy, in some cases, to be a product formed by a decomposition of its pleasure.

"These remarks are, in no case, so well illustrated as in that of many a nervous invalid, to whom the continuance of being is often only the longer lingering of torture. The unhappy hypochondriac is unwilling to lay down the burthen which oppresses him. The rack upon which he is stretched he prefers to the repose of the grave. He is loath to relinquish that breath which is spent in little else than sighs and lamentations. To him existence is a chronic malady, and yet he feels an insuperable aversion from its only effectual cure. I was once present when a poor patient of a dispensary, conscious that he was labouring under the last agonies of asthma, arising from water in the chest, breathed a confession that 'he was ashamed of feeling so much attachment to his last rag of life.'

"Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had rushed into the arms of death, in order to shelter themselves from the terrors of his countenance.

"The inordinate fear of death, so far as the disease is purely mental, may be in a great measure counteracted by a juster estimate of the value of life, 'a state in which much is to be endured, and little, comparatively, to be enjoyed.' This correct judgment with 'the gay conscience,' of a life that has been spent upon the whole honorably and usefully, so



far as it has advanced, will enable a man at any stage of its progress, to look forward as well as backward, with no exulting or triumph, but with a humble and quiet satisfaction.

"The Christian is still more highly privileged; his eye, happily invigorated by faith, is able to penetrate the thick mist which hangs over the tomb, and which, from our unassisted sight, intercepts any further prospect. The light of divine revelation is, after all, the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death."

Among a series of Essays upon mental health, there must, of course, be one upon such a prolific cause of misery and disease, as intemperance. We are always happy to have the dictates of medicine against this almost universal vice, which, whether sought as a refuge from sorrow and misfortune, or yielded to on account of its own seductive qualities, is a never-failing source of misery, disease, & death.

"The strongest liquors are the most weakening. In proportion to the power which the draught itself possesses, is that which it ultimately deducts from the person into whose stomach it is habitually received. In a state of ordinary health, and in many cases of disease, a generous diet may be safely and even advantageously recommended. But in diet, the generous ought to be distinguished from the stimulating, which latter is almost exclusively, but on account of its evil operations upon the frame, very improperly, called *good living*. The indigent wretch, whose scanty fare is barely sufficient to supply the materials of existence, and the no less wretched debauchee, whose luxurious indulgence daily accelerates the period of its destruction may both be said, with equal propriety, to live hard. Hilarity is no health, more especially when it has been roused by artificial means. The fire of intemperance often illuminates, at the very time that it is consuming its victim. It is not until after the blaze of an electric corrosion that its depredations are exposed. Stimuli sometimes produce a kind of artificial genius, as well as vivacity. They lift a man's intellectual faculties, as well as his feelings and enjoyment, above their ordinary level. And if by the

same means, they could be kept for any length of time in that state of exaltation, it might constitute something like a specious apology for having had recourse to them. But unfortunately the excitement of the system can in no instance be urged above its accustomed and natural pitch, without being succeeded by a correspondent degree of depression. Like the fabulous stone of Sisyphus, it invariably begins to fall as soon as it has reached the summit, and the rapidity of its subsequent descent is almost invariably in proportion to the degree of its previous elevation. Genius, in this manner forcibly raised, may be compared to those fire-works which, after having made a brilliant figure in the sky for a very short time, fall to the ground, and exhibit a miserable fragment, as the only relic of their preceding splendour."

"The man who has been the slave of intemperance must renounce her altogether, or she will insensibly re-assume her despotic power; with such a mistress, if he seriously mean to discard her, he must indulge himself in no dalliance or delay. He must not allow his lips a taste of her former fascination. Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigor, both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him 'that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees?' 'By degrees,' exclaims the other with indignation, 'if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out only by degrees?'"

Upon the subject of lunatic asylums, the opinion of Dr. Reid has been long before the world, and the facts lately investigated by the committee of the H. of Commons, go as far as facts can go, to verify its truth. We are all sensible how much the amelioration, or cure of such patients depends upon the humanity and skill of those who are to administer to them, and that much of the evil may

have arisen from the want of those qualities ; but, if the abuse lately developed could exist in a public institution, with all the means of correction which a public institution always commands, how must we shudder to think of what may, and most probably does, exist in the number of private receptacles with which this country unfortunately abounds. These considerations give a peculiar value to the pages which are devoted by Dr. R. to this subject, and which are dictated, by the purest spirit of humanity, and the subject altogether is treated with the peculiar care and tenderness which its importance and delicacy require.

"A heavy responsibility presses upon those who preside or officiate in the asylums of lunacy. Little is it known how much injustice is committed, and how much useless and wantonly inflicted misery is endured, in those infirmaries for disordered, or rather cemeteries for diseased, intellect? Instead of trampling upon, we ought to cherish by the most delicate and anxious care,

strive to nurse into a clearer and brighter flame the still glimmering embers of a nearly exhausted mind. It is by no means the object of these remarks to depreciate the value of institutions, which, under a judicious and merciful superintendence, might be made essentially conducive to the protection of lunatics themselves, as well as to that of others, who would else be continually exposed to their violence and caprice."

Upon the whole, this is a book written upon subjects which materially concern every body, in a style and manner which every body can understand. The reader will not find himself impeded by any metaphysical abstruseness or dull detail of symptoms, but will be equally entertained and edified by essays upon manners and habits, all which concern our mental and bodily health ; and which, by showing how intimately our physical and moral welfare are connected, put us in possession of ourselves, and teach us to seek and apply remedies which we possess within us.

Dr. Reid's Book is for sale by Munroe & Francis.

## SKETCHES OF A PEDESTRIAN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

**T**HE lovely weather that added unusual charms to the recent autumn, induced me to determine on a pedestrian ramble in the Isle of Wight. I have ever considered that a great portion of the pleasure arising from an excursion of this nature, consists in finding a companion of similar taste and inclination. I was fortunate in this respect ; and we soon arranged the plan of our little journey. Portsmouth presented, in our apprehension, the most pleasing approach ; and from thence we resolved to attain the promised land.

When a man is determined on peregrination, nothing is so desirable as a prompt execution of his wishes. After an hour spent in the pleasant bustle of preparation, we had the satisfaction to be informed that the Ryde packet was ready to sail. We were soon seated in this accommodating vessel, and had leisure to survey the objects around us.

Although in search of tranquil scenes

and natural beauties, it was impossible to view without interest, the grand and imposing spectacle of the surrounding harbour. On one side the immense dock-yard rears its lofty towers, and spreads its massy buildings to the eye ; on the other, Gosport presents its crowded streets and busy markets ; while numerous forts bespeak the defensive attitude of the encircling coast. Beyond the Platform, the habitable space is extended to South Sea Common ; while a new town appears to emulate in buildings the ancient site of Portsmouth. In the harbor, innumerable masts and many-tongued murmurs issuing from busy swarms, bespeak its naval importance ; while the neighbouring sea is spread with warlike canvas. Potsdown Hill, which terminates the inland stretch, with its appropriate monument to the naval hero of Britain, the far-famed Nelson ; forms an admirable background to this panoramic view. Truly, said we, England is a great nation !



After an easy sail, wafted by the gentlest breezes of a cloudless day, we arrived at Ryde. The Isle of Wight, with its lovely expanse of hill and dale, rising like a fairy vision from the bosom of the ocean, had long formed the sole object of our contemplation; and we were eager to press the inviting shore. But the voyager to Ryde, if he arrive at low water, must not be impatient. Certain ceremonies are necessary to gain a dry footing: submitting to these, we were admitted, as free denizens, into this sanctuary of the polite and gay.

The "enlarged and still increasing" extent of the Ryde, sufficiently evinces the predilection of the fashionable world for this spot. It already consists of three streets, and a fourth is attaining with hasty strides the summit of the hill; while numerous detached residences, rising from the humble cottage to the ornamented mansion, spread its limits on either side. Yet in spite of the attractions of modern Ryde as a watering-place of gay resort, it will be rendered, perhaps, of greater interest to those who can attach to inanimate objects "the mystic worth of *mind*," from a circumstance anterior to its newly risen splendour. Ryde was the last spot of English ground visited by Henry Fielding, justly termed the Cervantes of England; whose works will probably live, when the gay abode of fashion has again become a forsaken and neglected spot.

Oppressed by disease, and journeying with rapid steps towards the grave; it will be recollected that Fielding, as a last hope, sought alleviation of his distemper in a milder climate. On his voyage to Lisbon, the vessel was detained by contrary winds on the coast of the Isle of Wight; and for several days Fielding relieved the tedium arising from the confinement of the ship, by a residence at Ryde, then a small and obscure village.

Fielding's account of Ryde, in the journal of his voyage to Lisbon, contains many curious particulars, when compared with the present aspect of the place. It appears that the best resting-place for travellers it then contained was a small ale-house, the accommodations in which are described with his characteristic hu-

mour. The simplicity of manners and secluded habits of the villagers, he illustrates by the following anecdote: "This morning, (July 19, 1754,) our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat, and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel, drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves drest for the sake of their curate, who was the greatest of their beholders." This religious edifice he afterwards describes as "a neat little chapel in a field in the ascent of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants; for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses."\*

This description of Ryde, at so short a distance from the present period, would appear astonishing, had we not continual instances of the rapid advance in building, in a place selected as an occasional residence by the fashionable world.

The situation of Ryde is thus described in the work above alluded to: "It is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true, it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompense for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire, or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham and another Pope should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is in my opinion the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the

\* Fielding here probably means the village, supposing that to form a parish. Ryde is, in fact, in the parish of New Church, a district which at present contains upwards of two thousand inhabitants. The chapel at Ryde has been, of late years, much enlarged.

power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble."\*

In respect to the latter auxiliary of a sea view, Ryde certainly stands pre-eminent. For here the noblest display of shipping continually arrests the eye, and gives endless bustle and variety to the adjacent sea; while the opposite coasts present their enlivening towns in distant perspective. I cannot, however, admire the taste which has fixed on this as a favourite spot, while such a charming range of coast presents its clustering beauties around. The hill, no longer verdant, nor shaded with grateful umbrage, but formed into streets irregularly built, has doubtless lost much of its natural beauty. Yet the more elevated part, distinctively termed Upper Ryde, is still attractive from the extent and charms of the prospect.

The usual attendants of fashionable residence, the dance and the drama, are not neglected at Ryde. The assembly-rooms are in the upper portion of the library, a showy building, adorned with virandahs on the brow of the hill; and a theatre has been recently constructed at a short remove from the chapel. This building is in form an oblong square. The front, which is covered with cement, is disgraced by pitiful attempts at ornament. In niches over the doors are two miserably executed plaster figures, of doubtful gender and cognomen. The interior is sufficiently commodious for the audience that usually assembles.

Many mansions of superior character have lately increased the buildings of this favoured town. On the west is the villa of Earl Spencer; a square building of fair proportions, with a portico over

\* To this description Fielding adds: "This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which assisted with its declivity preserves it always so dry that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it." I am the more induced to give these extracts, as this work has experienced a fate unusual with the productions of its celebrated author---that of being little known.

the door of entrance. It is seated on an eminence, and commands extensive views over the opposite coast, with a fine sea view to the east. The windows of this mansion are considerably small, a circumstance that would appear extremely injudicious in a prospect house. The attached offices are convenient, and the adjoining pleasure grounds agreeably shaded.

In the bottom towards the sea is a house of the Marquis of Buckingham, pleasantly situated amid a lawn and flower-garden; but from want of elevation, precluded from the inland views enjoyed by the neighbouring residence of Earl Spencer.

The great inconvenience experienced in landing at Ryde at low water has at length induced the inhabitants to construct a new wooden pier or stage, to facilitate the ingress to the town. This forms the favourite promenade of the visitors, although still in an unfinished state; and is approached from the shore by a neat pier-house and gate. But the amusement arising from the arrival of packets, which holds out a gleam of pleasure to those who cannot support the tedium of life without incessant novelty, is not here so great as at Margate or Ramsgate. For the shortness of the passage usually protects the most delicate constitution from the effect of nausea, and preserves uninjured by fatigue the most scrupulous attention to costume.

Having satisfied our curiosity by a due examination of Ryde, we resolved to proceed directly for the southern coast, or back of the island. On inspecting our luggage, consisting of a small portmanteau and two great coats, it needed not much sagacity to discover that these would be no very pleasant companions during the sultry weather; and we began to look about for some one to carry them. For

"Who would fardels bear,  
"To groan and sweat under a weary load,"  
when he could transfer the burthen to another, who for a trifling remuneration would consider himself benefited by the exchange? A porter was soon procured; and we shrewdly observed that he would serve a double purpose, as at the time that he conveyed our moveables, he might act as a guide to our footsteps.

To be continued.



## VARIETIES.

### CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### MAGNETISM.

**H**AD the earth, says an anonymous philosopher, but one magnetic pole, the dip of seventy-two degrees in our latitude must have been produced by that pole's being at the distance of about one-fourth of the earth's radius from the earth's centre. But, as there are two magnetic poles, which counteract each other, they must, to produce this dip, and the dips of other latitudes, be within a one-hundred and fiftieth part of the radius from the centre. Now this is the very distance at which, according to Bernouilli's calculation, one rectilinear force would produce both the projectile and rotary motions of our planet. These motions, therefore, are probably owing to magnetism.—*Feb. 1817.*

#### DEAN SWIFT.

On a visit to a gentleman resident 20 miles from his own house, the facetious Dean of St. Patrick, taking a morning walk with a friend, saw a countryman cruelly belabouring a horse. He sprang forward and wrested the saplin from his hand. The fellow, in apology for his severity, said, "No man liked to be brow-beat by a brute."—"Bumpkin," replied Swift, "do you know your own destiny in another world?"—"Lord love your soul, and you were there, and will tell all and all about it, you are a jewel of a jontleman."—"Why, fellow, since you have been such a savage in your treatment of this animal, you shall take his place after death, and he will be your driver. In this way all hard-hearted acts are to be punished." The fellow, scratching his head, exclaimed, "Then Jasus ha' mercy upon the Dean of St. Patrick! he will be split and doubled." He continued repeating these words with contortions that might have suited the Pythian prophetess, till Swift, losing all patience, seized him by the great coat which, fastened by a wooden pin, hung loose about him. Recovering as from an oracular ecstasy, he begged pardon, protesting he

meant no offence; but the Dean insisted on an explanation.—"Yees shall have it out on the faace," returned the Irish boor. "If this four-shanked joulter may lather a body for giving him a bit of a ticket, sorrow be to him that bamboozles and heart-wrings a brace of pratty ladies; he will be split and doubled for the twos; and swate Jasus ha' mercy on him if they pay home." The proprietor of the ground, seeing Dean Swift in great agitation, led him away, and ordered the countryman about his business. When they reached the house, the Dean went to the stables, called for his horse, and rode away. His host knew it would be in vain to oppose his departure. He never returned.

This anecdote has never been in print, but it is authentic, having been related to the writer by a grandson of the gentleman who witnessed the conscience-searching scene, which occurred but a short time previous to Dean Swift's derangement.—*La Belle Assem. Mar. 1817*

#### DISCOVERY OF MEZZOTINTO.

This beautiful manner of finishing prints was first discovered by Prince Rupert, who, going out early one morning, observed a centinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The Prince asked him what he was about? The soldier replied, that the dew having fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The Prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away.

The Prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression to all black, and by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating this idea

to a painter he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which produced the black ground, which being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light.

**BORRI, THE ALCHEMIST, AND HIS ROYAL DISCIPLE, CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.**

The first journey which Christina undertook to her native land, after her conversion to the Romish faith, and her retreat to the papal territories, occurred in 1661. It originated in the instigation of Pope Alexander VII. who thought her a fit instrument to re-establish his spiritual and temporal dominion over Sweden, and was eager to avail himself of the minority and bodily infirmities of the young monarch, Charles XI. and of the wretched government of the queen his mother, to consummate this *holy* design.

On her progress from Rome in the year 1661, Christina had occasion to sojourn at Hamburg, where she became acquainted, and soon very closely connected, with the famous alchemist, John Francis Borri, of Milan. This circumstance had a greater influence on her subsequent character and pursuits than the impostor himself could have possibly foreseen. Borri was in his, what Cagliostro has been in our times; an early insight into the proneness of our nature to attach itself to the marvellous, and man's avidity to improve his worldly interests, convinced him that the mysteries of alchemy might be rendered, with a moderately versatile genius, the surest path to wealth, honour, and renown. Hence he became the founder of an alchemical sect, to which he gave the name of *Fratricelli*; it was divided into six classes, and soon obtained a host of followers. His hardy dissimulation stretched itself further than even that of any of his predecessors, who had dealt in the pretended secret of transmuting metals, and forming gold from baser substances; to these pretensions he added the gift of an immediate intercourse with supernatural agents, which enabled him to discern "the very souls of his brethren, enveloped in rays of various hues, and their protecting genii hovering over their

heads, and environed with a stream of light." He maintained moreover "that he was the chosen man who should extend the Catholic faith over the whole surface of the globe, where mankind should become one flock, and the pope its pastor. To this effect, he affirmed, the arch-angel Michael had been sent to him from heaven, with a sword, on which the image of the seven beings was depicted." That this imposture was a speculation well suited to the temper of the times is evinced by the rapid increase of his partisans, who became at last so numerous, and, by their intrigues, which had nothing short of the sovereign power for their object, struck such an alarm into the breast of the Roman pontiff himself, that all the powers of the Inquisition were called forth to crush their machinations. Borri had already rendered himself obnoxious to this tremendous tribunal by certain opinions he had broached in respect to the Virgin Mary; and he knew too well that its means were commensurate to its menaces, not to seek for safety in a precipitate flight, which left his exasperated persecutors to exercise their vengeance by the bloodless immolation of his writings and effigy. These events arrested Borri's Italian career in the year 1660, and he fled into Germany, where he instructed sovereigns in the mysteries of alchemy, and repaid their lavish munificence cheaply enough, by presenting them with a phial of his inestimable "*Aqua Divorum*." At length he pitched his tent at Strasburg, whence the fame of the miracles he wrought there re-echoed in every quarter of the land. Finding this too confined a stage for his operations, he soon moved off to Amsterdam, where he became the object of universal admiration. He here kept up a numerous retinue, always drove about in his coach and six, assumed the title of "*His Excellency*," and, in short, lived in a style of princely magnificence. It was not long before his miracles became so notorious, that the neighbouring countries poured forth their multitudes, who flocked to Amsterdam with hopes of a certain cure; nor was Paris itself at too great a distance for its sick to be brought to him in litters. He would accept neither of fee nor recompense, and was never known to receive money



either by the post or otherwise : was it not therefore a natural inference of the public mind that he had discovered "the Philosopher's Stone," which every age had sought for in vain ? But mark the end of all this harlequinade. Its *primum mobile* suddenly disappeared, carrying off with him immense sums of money and precious stones, with which he had been entrusted. Hamburg was the next theatre of his performances. Here Queen Christina of Sweden played the Buffa, and greedily devoured his development of alchemy and the occult sciences, by favour of which he enacted a transmutation of the metal in her coffers. This done, Borri took his leave ; and, assuming the courtier at Copenhagen, so completely wormed himself into the good graces of Frederic III. that the Danish monarch completely abandoned the government to his guidance, and our adventurer, in his new capacity of legislator, carried matters so far as to present his majesty with a new form of constitution for his subjects. The origin and prop of his ascendancy at the court of Denmark was nothing less than alchemy, with whose glories he so infatuated the royal mind, that Frederic never moved beyond his capital without a portable furnace. Upon the death of his illustrious pupil, whom he had instigated to the most unbounded pecuniary sacrifices, Borri immediately took wing, for he was too wise to disregard the threats of the nobility, who hated him as mortally as they were bent resolutely upon his destruction.

To return to Christina. Her connexion with Borri had given her so strong a bias to alchemy and other occult sciences, that she wasted immense sums with a view to discover the "Univerral Medicine," or, at least, the secret of prolonging her life another century. Her belief in the existence of such a medicine was indeed so assured, as to induce her, upon hearing of a new discovery of that delusive preparation, to try its effects upon her own person, without any previous inquiry. She had scarcely swallowed the potion ere she was seized with such convulsions as threatened her with immediate destruction, it was only to the instantaneous exertions of her physicians she was indebted for her rescue from the jaws of death.

This occurrence failed, however, to conquer her credulity. Some time afterwards she became intimate with an English quack, who pretended to possess the secret of prolonging life and the full vigour of youth for a hundred and twenty years, and adduced numerous certificates from various quarters to testify the success of his discovery. Christina offered him ten thousand ducats for his secret ; but her almoner and favourite, Cardinal Azzolini, alarmed at the magnitude of the offer, and evincing a commendable attention to the state of her majesty's purse, which at the best of times was but irregularly supplied, procured the Englishman's expulsion from Rome.—*Mon. Mag.*

#### GLUTTONY OF A FRENCH PRIEST AND A DUTCH CAPTAIN.

The Abbé Freshon was supposed to be the greatest glutton at oysters in existence. A considerable bet was made, that a Dutch captain of a trading vessel would surpass him. A breakfast was ordered for a dozen, at the *Rocher de Concale* at Paris, where the bet was to be decided. The Abbé eat one hundred and thirty-eight dozen, and then gave in ; the Dutchman did not relax till he had eaten one hundred and eighty-six dozen, with which he drank eight bottles of white wine, and, espying a fowl untouched, he ate it all, and drank two other bottles of wine.—*Ibid.*

#### JOSEPH GOUPY,

whose pupil was his present Majesty, George III., etched after Salvator Rosa, and resided as a fan-painter in King-street, Covent-garden. It is characteristic of the King never to forget any person whom he has once known, and the accuracy of the following fact may be relied on. After an intervention of fifteen years, the King, as he was one day driving through Kensington, saw his old master Goupy seized by two ill-looking ruffians, and immediately recognizing his tutor, he stopped the carriage and called him to the window, when the following dialogue took place : "What is the reason you have not called upon me lately ?"—"I could not presume so far as to trouble your Majesty with my visits."—"Phoo, phoo, man ! call to-morrow :

but, Goupy, what are those men yonder?"—"Why, to tell your Majesty the truth, they are bailiffs who have arrested me, and only stand aloof now out of respect to your Majesty."—"What is the sum, Goupy?"—"Eighty pounds, Sire."—"Well, well, I can't interfere with the course of law: but d'ye hear! send to Ramus as soon as you can, and he shall settle the business." After this friendly colloquy, the Sovereign proceeded to court, and poor Goupy to the spunging-house, whence he sent to Mr. Ramus as desired, when the debt was instantly discharged, and the grateful Goupy waited upon his royal benefactor, who settled on him an annuity, to shield him in the evening of his days from any similar embarrassment.—*New Mon. Mag.*

#### COMPOSITION OF THE INDIAN POISON FOR ARROWS.

It is a fact well known to persons conversant with the history of South America, that the Indian tribes inhabiting the extreme wilds of that continent, between the Oronoque and Amazon rivers, have long been accustomed to prepare their arrows with poison which they call *wourali*; the composition of which was wholly unknown to Europeans resident in that country, though its fatal effects had been too frequently felt. With a view to ascertain its compotent parts, and the method of mixing the ingredients, in order, if possible, to discover some antidote to its destructive consequences, a gentleman named Waterton, undertook in the early part of the present year to penetrate into the interior of Guiana, and after a perilous journey of a hundred and twenty days, succeeded in obtaining the desired information. In the interior of Essequibo, remote from any European settlement, Mr. Waterton found a tribe of savages, known by the name of Macouchi Indians, who excelled in the preparation of the *wourali*. From them he learned that the principal ingredient of this deadly poison, and that from which it takes its name, is the Wourali vine, which is indigenous to the forests of Demarara and Essequibo. Two species of roots, of a bitter taste, unknown to European naturalists, and two kinds of bulbous plants, peculiar to those regions, the stalks of which are filled

with a glutinous juice of a pale green colour, and which, from their rarity, are not to be obtained without considerable difficulty; and a quantity of the strongest Indian pepper, form the vegetable parts of the *wourali* poison. The animal ingredients consist of two species of ants; one of which is extremely large, of a black colour, and so exceedingly venomous that its sting invariably produces fever; the other is a smaller insect, of a bright red colour, inhabiting nests formed in the leaf of a particular shrub, and whose sting produces the effect of a nettle; a painful, itching pustule appearing instantaneously on the wounded part. The last article of this extraordinary composition is the fangs of the Labarrie and Counacouchi snakes, which, when any of the animals are killed, are always carefully extracted, dried, and beaten to a fine powder. The ingredients obtained, the method of preparing the poison is as follows:—The vine branches and bitter roots are first scraped into fine shavings and placed in a sort of cullender or strainer made of leaves, over a new earthen pot; a sufficient quantity of water being thrown on the shavings, the liquor which comes through is of the colour of, and much resembles, strong coffee. The stalks of the bulbous plants are next bruised, and the juice expressed into an earthen vessel by squeezing the stalks in the hand. The snakes' fangs, the ants, and the pepper, are then pounded together, added to the liquid, and the whole is placed over a slow fire, where it is boiled down to a thick syrup of a deep brown colour. The scum which rises on the top of the mixture during the boiling is carefully removed with a leaf; and as soon as the scum ceases to appear, the poison is considered prepared. What may not be required for immediate use, is prepared in little pots of Indian manufacture, the apertures of which are covered with two or three leaves, and tied down with deer's skin so as effectually to exclude the air; the influence of which, it is understood, would materially affect the strength of the poison; it is then put away in the driest part of the hut, and occasionally suspended over the fire to prevent the effects of damp. Many superstitious precautions are taken



by the Indians in the preparation of the Wourali poison, for the purpose of preventing any revengeful tricks being played on them by the Qahabow or Evil Spirit, whom they appear to consider jealous of the intrusion into his arcana of destruction. The effect of this poison on an animal is apparent in about a minute after it is wounded by the arrow; and however slight the puncture or scratch may be, has never, in any one instance, been known to fail of producing death in rather less than five minutes. The moment an animal is struck by a poisoned arrow, it either stands quite still, or walks forward at a very slow pace with its head inclined to the ground, as if in a state of stupefaction; in the second minute this stupor evidently increases, but the animal does not appear to suffer any pain; in the third minute, convulsive efforts to move, apparently accompanied by drowsiness and a nodding of the head, take place: these struggles are considerably increased in the fourth minute, and generally put a period to life before the expiration of the fifth. What is rather a remarkable circumstance in the Wourali poison is, that no injury whatever is done to the flesh of birds or animals killed by it; the flesh is perfectly wholesome, and will keep as long as if the animal had been killed by any other means; and even the wounded part may be eaten with complete safety. The wound manifests no disposition to irritation, nor does any particular effect appear to be produced upon the muscle otherwise than would have resulted from a wound inflicted with any sharp instrument. Whether any beneficial consequences may hereafter result from an analysis of the ingredients which Mr. Waterton has obtained, amongst which Shakspeare might have procured additions to the "hell-broth" of his witches,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, &c.

it is difficult to say; but if the arrows used by the Indians of Guiana in their predatory excursions against the European Settlements are prepared with the Wourali poison, the attempt to discover an antidote to its baneful effects is a study worthy of the attention of the medical philanthropist.

#### LAUDANUM.

From the European Magazine.

A child was killed here a few weeks ago, by having a large dose of laudanum, &c. administered to it; the bottle containing the fatal mixture being mistaken for its medicine bottle. Such occurrences are not rare; but I think they might be in a great measure prevented, by rendering it unlawful to sell dangerous medicines, or to retail poisonous drugs, except in bottles or boxes distinguished by their shape, or size, or colour, or by some protuberances or indentations, or such other marks as could not easily escape notice.

Such boxes and bottles would soon be generally known, especially if some distinguishing mark of universal application were adopted, and notice thereof given in the newspapers.

#### ILLUSTRATION OF REMARKABLE WORDS AND PROVERBS.

BEAU.—In borrowing this adjective from the French, we have formed of it no less than fourteen nouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives, and neglected the root itself, though it is indispensable to our language; for *fine* by no means supplies its place. This noun is also borrowed from the French, but instead of being crippled, like *beau*, in its signification, it has usurped that of *beau*—how preposterous to use the same expression for a *fine woman* and a *fine needle*, a *fine horse* and a *fine stocking*. These examples mark the distinct use of the adjectives *beau (belle)* and *fine*; and, in writing correctly, we should never use the latter, except in its strict sense of minuteness.\*

MUST.—This noun is wanting in English, and why? as we have the verb *to must*, and the adjective *musty*. Thus, we have not a term to express the putrid mossy matter generated on acids, imperfectly admitted to atmospheric air: this word, therefore, though not in Johnson, merits a place there—it is derived, I apprehend, from the French *moiste*, moist, because *must*, in many

\* From our not having adopted the adjective *beau*, we are prevented from naturalizing one of the happiest expressions of language, the *beau ideal*, to represent a perfection existing only in the imagination.

cases, arises from the placing of bodies in moist or damp situations.

**TISSUE**—*Tissu*, French. This word we have borrowed, and confined to its primitive and simple signification, though its metaphorical meaning affords the happiest mode of expression that can be imagined; it is truly picturesque, and ought to replace the arithmetical word *series*—as, instead of a *series* of grand exploits, a *tissue* of grand exploits would assuredly be preferable, and such is the common acceptation in French, which we should do well to adopt.

**LITERATEUR, SÇAVANS.** It is singular that all the learned men in England have never found a noun to designate themselves by: the French have *Littérateur, Sçavan*, &c. while we are obliged to have recourse to adjectives, and, consequently, add *man* on every occasion, as—a *learned man*, &c. Why not form a derivative from *literature*, and have a singular noun, as well as the plural *literati*? While such glaring imperfections exist in our language, instead of boasting of its perfection, let us labour to supply its defects.

**INHABIT—INHABITABLE.** What a frightful anomaly does the latter word present in Johnson:—"Inhabitable, 1. Capable of affording habitation; 2. Incapable of inhabitants; uninhabitable." To inhabit is derived from the French *habiter*, and, by prefixing the negative particle *in*, we have made worse than nonsense of the word; the original, in such a case, ought to be restored by all good writers.

**DISPARATER.**—This is an excellent word, which I do not recollect to have met with in any English author: Johnson derives it from *Disperate*, Latin, and has imperfectly defined it. It is found in French, into which it was transplanted from the Spanish—it is to be preferred to *heterogeneous*, in the sense used by Johnson; and to *unequal*, in the French acceptation, in which it denotes a wandering from the subject, inequality or inconsistency in conduct, or, in a discourse, to interpolate matters which have no relation with the main subject.

**IMPUISSANCE.**—Why have we not the adjective as well as the noun; *impuisant* is an elegant and poetical form of expression.

**RACE—RACE-HORSE.** The second part of Johnson's etymology of *Race*, a course, from *Ras*, islandic, appears to be completely erroneous. The Arabs call their thorough-bred horses *Race-horses*, or horses of a family or race, because they can trace their families or breeds as high as a Welsh pedigree. The Iman is at once priest and civil magistrate, and it is equally his duty to register the birth of children and the foaling of blood-mares. On the sale of one of these horses, the Iman delivers a certificate of the pedigree, carefully copied from his registers, to the buyer; of which an Arab is as proud as if it were his own pedigree. As these horses of race or family were, in Europe, bred only for the course, we evidently, in preserving the French expression—*cheval de race*, or race-horse, gave the name of race to the course itself, being a contest between race-horses, from whence the expression became popular to denote any contest in running.—*Mon. Mag. Mar.*

#### INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Charles Riviere de Fresnoy, without either brush, pencil or pen, found the secret of composing valuable pictures by means of cutting out different parts of various coloured engravings, which he afterwards joined together as his fertile imagination suggested. This was the man on account of whose extravagance and profligacy that monarch used to say, "I shall never have it in my power to make him rich."

Mr. Remmon, Inspector of the Schools at Alberstadt, in order to evince how much more the Germans have contributed to the progress of the arts and sciences than any other nation, declared that Jean Keningsberg made a steel fly, that would fly round a room, and then return to rest itself on his hand; that the same artist made an eagle, which flew, at a distance of five hundred yards, to meet the Emperor Frederick, and then returned to the spot from whence it had started. That Cornelius Drebel made a musical instrument which lay in a box that opened of itself at sunrise, and played all the time the sun was above the horizon; that when there was no sun, it was only requisite to warm the lid of the box, and that the instrument then would play as well as if the sun had shone.—*L. Belle A.*



**THE BELL SAVAGE.**

The Spectator has explained the sign of the Bell Savage inn plausibly enough, insupposing it to have been originally the figure of a beautiful female found in the woods, and called in French, *La Belle Sauvage*. But another reason has been assigned for that appellation still more probable : namely, that the inn was once the property of Lady Arabella Savage, and familiarly called Bell Savage's inn, represented, as at present, by a bell and a savage, or wild man, which was the hieroglyphical rebus for her name, such rebusses being much in use in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Bolt in Tun is an instance for the name of Bolton.

**REWARDS TO THE LEARNED.**

The Pope has attached to the title of

Marquis of Ischia which he conferred on the sculptor Canova, an annual pension of 3,000 Roman crowns. This celebrated artist has disposed of this revenue in the following manner : First, a fixed donation to the Roman Academy of Archaeology of six hundred crowns. Second, one thousand and seventy crowns, to found annual prizes, and a triennial prize for painting, sculpture, and architecture, which the young artists of Rome and the Roman States only are competent to obtain. Third, One hundred crowns to the Academy of Saint Luke. Fourth, One hundred and twenty crowns to the Academy of the Lynx. And fifth, One thousand one hundred crowns to relieve poor, old, and infirm artists residing in Rome.—*New M. Mag.*

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## MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

### THE LAST DAYS OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

By the Rev. Dr. MEYER.

NOT far from the tomb of the great bard of religion and German independence (Klopstock) at Ottensen near Altona, repose under a plain stone without name or inscription, the remains of one of the most illustrious princes of his age, CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, Duke of BRUNSWICK. Mortally wounded at Jena, and flying from the ancient seat of his ancestors, to escape the vengeance of an inexorable tyrant, he arrived here in the last days of October, 1806, that he might die in peace upon a foreign soil.

An obscure presentiment growing up into a strong conviction, assured the Duke that the war begun against his advice would prove disastrous to Prussia. Hostilities nevertheless commenced ; and his Highness was firmly resolved to prefer death in the field to the disgrace of being vanquished by a despot thirsting for revenge and blood. Previously to the opening of the eventful campaign, he arranged all his family affairs, and in particular hastened the act of renuncia-

tion of the government by his eldest son in favour of the Duke of Oels. He has been censured for having as an independent prince taken part in the conflict at his advanced age and against his better judgment : but he was still active and vigorous for his years, and thoroughly convinced that he should gain nothing by retiring from the bloody stage. Should Prussia prove victorious, he knew that his country, inclosed as it was by foreign states, would soon be swallowed up ; and on the other hand Napoleon, as conqueror, would never forgive him for having, about a year before, on the violation of the Prussian territory, advised hostilities, (through to no purpose,) with the apparent certainty of success. In this personally doubtful and dangerous situation, it seemed to him more glorious to fight and fall for Prussia. Impetuous courage and hatred to the cruel enemy of Germany confirmed him in this resolution.

The battle of Jena was fought, and the Duke appeared in the full uniform

of a field-marshal decorated with all his orders. The fortune of war favoured Napoleon; the Prussian commander courted death. He found it, tho' not as he had often wished, upon the field of battle. Mortally wounded in the forehead, he was doomed for twenty-seven days to struggle with the agonies of death and the keenest pangs of mind. Removed from the field, and carried by peasants in a basket over the trackless mountains of the Harz Forest, because all the roads were occupied by hostile troops, the dying hero, after a few days' rest in his capital, was overtaken by the insolent message in which the furious Corsican announced his deposition. "The House of Brunswick," such were the words, "has ceased to reign. Let General Brunswick be gone and seek another country for himself beyond the sea; wherever my troops shall find him he will be their prisoner.\* [*La Maison de Brunswic a cessée de regner. Que la General Brunswic s'en aille chercher une autre patrie au delà des mers; partout où mes troupes le trouveront, ils le rendrant prisonnier.*]

The unfortunate prince was thus obliged to quit his much-loved home, the bones of his fathers, and his subjects imploring heaven to spare the life of their adored sovereign, and exposed to all the horrors of war and the devastations of barbarians. His only hope now was to die in peace abroad in the arms of his princely relatives of Holstein. But even this satisfaction was denied him. Borne in a large wicker basket, shaped like a litter, and covered with sail-cloth, in the most inclement season of the year, to the banks of the Elbe, his weakness would not admit of his being conveyed any farther. With that sympathy which the misfortunes of a hero so cruelly persecuted by fate cannot fail to excite, he was received at Neumühlen; but he refused the offers of the proprietors of several villas, who respectfully tendered them for his residence, and took a house, not

one of the most convenient, at Ottensen. Here his life slowly drew to a close amid the most painful conflicts. He enjoyed, though but for a few moments, the sight of his consort, who hastened to him on his flight, and the mutual distress of such a meeting and such a parting may be more easily conceived than described. In the intervals of tranquillity the prince gave his opinion with perfect self-possession and singular penetration respecting the issue of the war; he had the newspapers read to him; he most accurately predicted Napoleon's operations, and expressed himself with energy and truth on the subject of the unfortunate circumstances which had occasioned and attended the preceding disasters. These however were topics on which he touched only in the narrow circle of his friends and companions in arms: in the presence of visitors, to whom he did not deny admittance, he spoke little, and only concerning the most indifferent matters, which they erroneously attributed to a total apathy of mind.

Thus did the Duke retain his mental faculties unimpaired. The corporeal organs also fulfilled their functions till in the night of the 7th of November a paralytic affection of the tongue prevented him from communicating his wishes and feeling to those about him: but he remained perfectly sensible till the last moment. An extraordinary phenomenon occurred a few hours before the paralytic attack, when he complained that he felt as if he had two heads. This sensation may be ascribed to the destruction of the equilibrium of the two lobes of the brain by the breaking of the sac of pus in the right lobe, where the Duke was wounded. The pressure of the pus upon the brain and the origin of the nerves induced paralysis of one half of the body. To accelerate that death which was now so desirable, he had refused all solid and almost all liquid sustenance. A few hours before his death, his speech seemed to have entirely forsaken him; when in a loud voice, and a tone expressive of painful apprehensions, he cried *Galatin! Galatin!* an exclamation which proves but too plainly how exceedingly his death was embittered by the agonizing sense of his manifold misfortunes. He had dispatched Galatin,

\* Surely the most infatuated partisan of the ex-emperor cannot consider without profound admiration the retributive decrees of Providence, by which the sentence pronounced by the tyrant, in all the arrogance of power, upon a brave but unfortunate prince, has been fulfilled to the very letter upon himself.



his private secretary of legation, as a last resort, to Berlin, if possible, to move Napoleon. His uncertainty respecting the issue of this mission tended in no small degree to aggravate the pains of his last moments. On the morning of the tenth of November he expired.

His son and avenger in the glorious yet to him fatal conflict with the tyrant, found his father a corpse, and experienced the additional pain of being denied by the modern Attila permission to place the remains of his beloved parent in the sepulchre of his ancestors. In the night of the 23d of November, the corpse, enveloped in a triple coffin, was deposited by the faithful attendants of the deceased in a vault of the church of Ottensen.

#### THOMAS PAINE.

To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

THE subjoined account of the concluding scenes of the life of Thomas Paine, was read at a public meeting some weeks ago by a very respectable member of the Society of Friends, in my hearing. From his brother I procured this copy of the account. I rather think that Wm. Dilwyn, his daughter, and the young person who visited Paine and gave the account to Dilwyn's daughter, are of the same society. As almost the whole world was injured by Paine's pernicious principles, I hope you will not refuse to increase the circulation as widely as possible of his recantation. Wishing you increasing and continued success, I remain, &c.

A. B.

The following is an extract of a letter received by Mr. William Dilwyn, of Walthamstow, Essex, from his daughter in America. The writer is of the most unquestionable respectability, and appears recently to have received the information stated in it from a person equally entitled to credit. The latter has resided in a family in the near neighbourhood of the celebrated Thomas Paine, who resided at Greenwich, near New York, and during his last illness had contributed to his comfort by occasionally preparing and sending him food and refreshments more adapted to his situation than he usually enjoyed. These the informant chose to be the bearer of

(although his personal circumstances were so deplorable that the air of his chamber could scarcely be indured) to his bedside. In performing this humane office she had the opportunities of conversation with him which authorise the writer's belief that he exhibited another proof of Dr. Young's assertion, that "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." The letter proceeds to say, that she found him frequently writing, and believed from what she saw and heard, that when his pain permitted, he was almost always so engaged, or in prayer, in the attitude of which she more than once saw him when he thought himself alone. One day he inquired if she had ever read the "*Age of Reason*," and on being answered in the affirmative desired to know her opinion of that book. She replied, she was but a child when she read it, and probably he would not like to know what she thought of it. Upon which he said, if old enough to read, she was capable of forming some opinion, and from her he expected a candid statement of what that opinion had been. She then said, she thought it the most dangerous and insinuating book she had ever seen; that the more she read the more she wished to read, and the more she found her mind estranged from all that is good; and that from a conviction of its evil tendency she had burnt it, without knowing to whom it belonged. Paine replied to this, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as she: and added, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth I have been one." At another time when she was in his chamber, and the master of her family was sitting by his bed-side, one of Paine's former companions came in; but seeing them with him, hastily went out, drawing the door after him with violence, and saying, "Mr. Paine, you have lived like a man; I hope you will die like one." Upon which, Paine, turning to his principal visitor, said, "You see what miserable comforters I have." An unhappy female, who had accompanied him from France, lamented her sad fate, observing, "For this man I have given up my family and friends, my property and religion; judge, then, of my distress, when he tells me that the principles he has taught me will not bear me out!"

## POETRY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine,

## A SONG

To the River Avon.

By EDWARD HOVELL, Lord THURLOW.

**T**HOU soft-flowing Avon, I call thee  
divine,  
And often in thought on thy green banks  
recline ;  
Thy wave ripples near me, thy cool Zephyrs  
play,  
And of Shakspeare I dream, all entranc'd by  
his lay, River Avon.  
The Nine Muses haunt thee, and sing on thy  
shore,  
And ever shall haunt thee, till Time be no  
more :  
The Graces will never away from thy marge ;  
Forsaking Olympus, they dance here at large,  
River Avon  
The Nymphs of the Forest stray down to thy  
brink,  
And the brimm'd fountain Maids, of thy Poet  
to think :  
Nay, Ocean's fair daughters will wander to  
thee,  
The birth-place and tomb of thy Shakspeare  
to see, River Avon.  
Pan walks through thy meads, and his Satyrs  
here dance,  
But the Nymphs fly away from his passionate  
glance ;  
The shepherds oft hear him, thy willows beside,  
When Hesper is beaming with love on thy tide,  
River Avon.  
Nay, Proteus, forsaking his dolphin-tail'd herd,  
Not seldom from under thy water is heard :  
The cattle, by whom thy blithe meadows are  
shorn,  
Start away in amaze at that sea-toned horn,  
River Avon.  
Then smooth be thy waters, thy willows be  
green,  
For Shakspeare here slumbers, the king of our  
scene ;  
And thy mould softly pillow his dear loved  
head,  
Whereon the bright blessing of Heaven be  
shed, River Avon.  
For his heart was as gentle, as keen was his wit,  
And one line, which he breath'd, we can never  
forget,  
While the fountains shall flow to the pearl-  
breeding main,  
We never shall look on his likeness again,  
River Avon  
The utmost I ask, is to dwell on thy shore---  
When my sight shall grow dim, and my head  
shall be hoar,  
The page of life clos'd, lay me down by his side  
Beneath the fresh turf, which is wash'd by  
thy tide, River Avon.

For there, I persuade me, true peace may be  
found :

Where Shakspeare reposes, 'tis all hallow'd  
ground ;  
No spirit there wanders, or thing that's unblest,  
But the fay-haunted moon sweetly shines on  
his rest, River Avon.

And there thou dost murmur, and linger with  
love,

And feed'st with thy fountains each meadow  
and grove ;

Of Meles, of Mincius,\* we now think no more ;  
All the Muses for ever shall dance on thy  
shore, River Avon.

While pale lilies shall droop o'er the imaging  
wave,

And the cuckoo shall utter the same mocking  
stave,

While the nightingale chants, the coy angel  
of Spring,

He of Poets, and thou of all River art King,  
River Avon.

Then take thou these flowers, fresh pluck'd  
from thy meads,

And my musick I breathe through thy own  
native reeds ;

Thou mayst find many Poets more learned  
than me,

But never a Poet more faithful to thee,  
River Avon.

January 1817.

From the Panorama.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS  
BROKEN LUTE.

**A**LAS, for thee ! abandon'd Lute !  
Thy voice is hush'd--thy chords are mute,  
Yet 'mid thy silver strings,  
Zephyr in sportive mazes playing,  
The fleeting melody delaying,  
Still wave his airy wings :

And as their light touch vibrates o'er  
The dulcet chords so sweet before,

They breathe a tender sigh,  
Plaintive as Mem'ry fondly heaves  
When tracing o'er her sybil-leaves  
She dwells on scenes gone by.

'Tis but a sigh !---thy notes are dead ;  
The magic of thy sound is fled,

And, sear'd by early woe,  
The heart that bade these notes awake,  
The heart that lov'd them,---could it break,  
Were hush'd for ever now !

The touch of an untutor'd hand,  
The stroke of time---which none withstand,  
Have marr'd thy tuneful sound ;  
But o'er thy Minstrel's hapless fate  
Time presses with a deadlier weight,  
And bows him to the ground !

\* The two Rivers, on whose banks Homer  
and Virgil were born.



The "soul of song" that warm'd his lay,  
Fades, as the rosy light of day  
Sinks into evening gloom ;  
Day's slumbering light may wake again,  
But nought shall wake the dying strain  
That echoes from the tomb !

Welcome that tomb !---its dark recess  
Is peaceful in its loneliness ;---  
There anguish cannot groan,  
There all the ties that bind the soul,  
Love's tenderest bonds of soft control,  
Are broken---like thine own !

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### THE STORM,

Written during a Tempest, when sailing up the  
British Channel.

By the author of "*Amusements in Retirement.*"

**T**HE waves run high ; wild tempests rage !  
The fears of death my heart engage.  
What ! close the scene so far from shore,  
And ne'er be seen or heard of more ?  
Oh ! sure this ocean's furious breast  
Can never lull me to my rest !

Ah ! I had wish'd the humble lot  
To live in some sequester'd spot,  
Where, studious of divine repose,  
Life's weary journey I might close.

And does stern Fate that lot deny ?  
Well ! let no tear disgrace thine eye !  
The power that rules this raging sea  
Is master of futurity :  
And of each wild and angry wave  
Can form as soft---as sweet a grave  
As that on which wild roses glow,  
Or that where groupes of violets blow !  
Then let no tear disgrace thine eye :  
Let tempests howl and waves run high---  
They're heralds of eternity.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### VANITY OF LIFE.

"Earthly things pass away like a shadow ; and as a  
post that hasteth by."

**A**S hurrying speeds the stranger by,  
As flits the trackless cloud on high,  
Our joys and ills are gone ;  
Bright hopes ascend with orient pride,  
The laughing hours unconscious glide.  
They sink before the ev'ning tide,  
On rapid pinion borne.

Then why, amid the meteor gleam,  
The shadowy show, the fev'rish dream,  
That wind our swift career,  
Can life, with treach'rous wiles, impart  
A spell to bind th'inconstant heart,  
While Time, resistless, warns, "Depart !  
The parting hour is near !"

That welcome hour, supremely blest,  
Which yields the thirsting soul to rest,  
In tend'rest mercy giv'n :  
Farewell ! desponding doubts and fears ;  
For radiant o'er the vale of years,  
'Mid stormy clouds the bow appears,  
The peaceful bow of Heav'n !

No more on life's bewilder'd stage  
Shall mortal cares our thoughts engage,  
Or mortal joys inspire ;

Th' uplifted portals wide display  
A living blaze of cloudless day ;  
I mount, I rife, I soar away,  
And join th' eternal choir !

### DORIS ;

FROM THE GERMAN OF HALLER.

**T**HE light of day is almost gone,  
The purple in the west that shone  
Is fading to a greyer hue ;  
The moon uplifts her silver horns,  
The cool night strews her slumber-corns,  
And slakes the thirsty earth with dew.

Come, Doris, to these beeches come,  
Let us in quiet dimness roam,  
Where nothing stirs but you and I :  
Save when the west wind's gentle breath  
Is heard the wavering boughs beneath,  
Which strive to beckon silently.

How the green night of leafy trees  
Invites to dreams of careless ease,  
And cradles the contented soul ;  
Recals th' ambitious verge of thought  
To fasten on some homely cot,  
And make a life of love its whole.

Speak, Doris, feels thy conscious heart  
The throbbing of no gentle smart,  
Dearer than plans of palac'd pride ?  
Gaze not thine eyes with softer glance,  
Glides not thy blood in swifter dance,  
Bounds not thy bosom---by my side ?

Thought questions thought with restless task ;  
I know thy soul begins to ask,  
What means this ail, what troubles me ?  
O cast thy vain reserve away,  
Let me its real name betray,  
Far more than that I feel for thee.

Thou startlest, and thy virtue frowns,  
And the chaste blush my charge disowns,  
And lends thy cheek an angrier glow ;  
With mingled feelings thrills thy frame,  
Thy love is stifled by thy shame,  
Not by the heart, my Doris, no.

Ah lift those fringed lids again,  
Accept, accept, the proffer'd chain,  
Which love and fate prepare to bind ;  
Why wilt thou longer strive to fly,  
Be overtaken---I am nigh.  
To doubt is not to be unkind.

When youth and beauty frame the shell,  
Where mind and temper jointly dwell,  
Coldness cannot perpetual prove ;  
The glowing eye shall light the heart,  
Shall catch itself th' inflicted smart,  
The love of all herself shall love.

Let shame along with vice be rear'd,  
Why should the name of love be fear'd.  
'Tis pleasure's wish, 'tis virtue's choice :  
See thy companions, one by one,  
Steal from the virgin throng, and own  
That Nature's call is duty's voice.

Choose where thou wilt among our youth,  
The vow of constancy and truth  
Each will be proud to make to thee ;  
Thy empire comprehends them all,  
On nobler youths thy choice may fall,  
But not on one who loves like me.

Let yon his hoarded wealth betray,  
Let this his pedigree display,  
A third in skilful language woo ;  
Would I had all these gifts, and more,  
The richest is for thee too poor,  
A heart at least Heav'n gave me too.

One courts the splendor thou would'st grace,  
One the long honours of thy race,  
One seeks his wanton joy in thee ;  
Mine is the love of ancient days,  
Ere lips were tutor'd how to praise---  
Affection is enough for me.

Nor burns my flame in verse alone,  
I seek no goddess to enthrone,  
Humanity becomes thee most ;  
Another may more deftly plead,  
In warmer-gushing transports bleed ;  
Feeling is rarely heard to boast.

Why look'st thou fearfully around ?  
Why bend those glances to the ground ?  
Fear'st thou a witness of my bliss ?  
What though no words the truth reveal,  
What though thy lips forbear to seal,  
That sigh, this hand, have answer'd---yes.  
*Monthly Mag. Feb. 1817.*

From the Panorama.

THERE are two things which usually give us pleasure in the perusal of modern poetry ; the first is the decency generally preserved by those who aspire after "a Poet's glorious name." The proportion of Anacreontic, Bacchanalian, and ludicrous song-writers, is not, so far as we know, increased ; we go further, and hope it is diminished. The second cause of our pleasure is, that the line of mediocrity, is raised much higher than we remember it, and the superior knowledge and taste of the day, really does command the production of verses superior to those which formerly were pronounced something better than tolerable. Poets ennobled by natural talent, are the first of their kind, as before ; Poets who rank below them in power, yet attain an elevation that formerly would have distinguished them.

The moral part of these remarks applies to Mr. Edmeston's little volume. We assure ourselves that the writer would no more lend himself to a breach of good morals in verse, than to highway robbery : and so far, it is highly commendable. The poetry might, no doubt, have displayed more of what is called *fire*, but the youth of the author must not be overlooked. All are not poets of the first order at once : Dryden's early performances are poor enough ; as are those of many others who afterwards ripened into well deserved celebrity.--- Perhaps, we are best pleased with the smaller poems in the volume ; but as a specimen of that which gives a title to the whole, we subjoin the following :

#### RELIGION.

*From the Search, and other Poems. By J. Edmeston, jun.*

THERE is a calm, the poor in Spirit know,  
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe ;  
There is a peace, that dwells within the breast,  
When all without is stormy and distress ;  
There is a light, that gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers thicken, and when troubles low'r :  
That calm to faith, and hope, and love is given---  
That peace remains when all beside is riven--  
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

RELIGION, wanderer ! only can bestow,  
The all of happiness that's felt below ;  
To the mistrustful eye no God is seen,  
No higher power appears to rule the scene ;  
Hence all is doubt, anxiety and fear,  
If danger threaten, or if grief be near :  
While the believer every danger braves,  
Trusts his light bark, nor fears the threat'ning waves ;  
And when the tempest seems to overwhelm,  
Faith views a Providence direct the helm.

They are not truly happiest, who seem  
The gay inhabitants of pleasure's beam :  
Oft, it is true, upon th' unworthy head,  
Blessings appear in rich luxuriance shed,  
As though some all-commanding voice had cried---

"Here let prosperity and joy abide !  
Riches await him, honours wreath his brow,  
Fortune and good to him obedient bow ;  
Pleasure be ever present here, and pay  
Thy smile unvarious and thy brightest ray ;  
Leave nothing yet to be desired by him,  
But fill his cup of gladness to the brim."

#### THE EOLIAN HARP.

MINSTREL, what mines of hidden lore  
Subjected are to thy control ?  
Who led thy prying spirit o'er  
The secret walks of all the soul ?  
Breathe, minstrel, o'er my ravished ear,  
Thy brightest, and thy saddest strain :  
Thy smiles in lovely forms appear,  
Thy tears are luxury, not pain.  
'Tis thine, light Fancy's feet to bear,  
Where the delighted spirit roves,  
In dreams that float on southern air,  
Like fleecy clouds o'er Paphian groves.  
'Tis thine to breathe a sadder strain,  
To bid the tears of sorrow flow ;  
Thou art all-powerful to complain,  
And lull the mind in trance of woe.  
That note that swelled so full and bold,  
Spoke knight, and tournament, and war ;  
Keep, moat and bastion, tower, and hold,  
The rapt imagination saw.  
But, falling in this gentler tone,  
The magic pile asunder reft ;  
High tower and gorgeous hall have flown,  
The spell-bound maid alone is left.  
That summer note that sports along, [gay ;  
Speaks all that's bright, and warm, and  
Methinks I see a shepherd throng  
Rejoicing on a morn of May,  
And this sweet melancholy sound,  
From some chill lonely convent given ;  
Where holy maids, the altar round,  
Offer celestial hymns to Heaven.  
Thy chords to Fancy's ear display,  
As various as the notes they weave.  
The glories of the noon-tide day,  
Or languor of departing eve.

The poem entitled *Echoes* has a variety and novelty in it that is pleasing. The subject might be branched out into so many divisions, philosophical, moral, natural magical, credible, and incredible, that we rather wonder it has not furnished a theme for a more studied poem. Many of Cowper's themes are not half so promising ; and at



this time, when the theory of Acoustics is sufficiently well understood, much novelty might be introduced with good effect.

## ECHOES.

WE, the myriad born of sound,  
Where the sweetest spots are found,  
Over sea, over land,  
An invisible band,  
Sport all creation round and round ;  
We love not the plain,  
Nor the sky-bounded main,  
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign ;  
But enraptured we dwell  
In the wood or the dell,  
And an age-hollow'd oak is a favourite cell;  
And a hilly clump, or a rocky shore,  
We foot full merrily o'er and o'er.

Gay on Andalusian fields,  
Purple with autumnal sun ;  
When the grape its harvest yields,  
When the summer toil is done ;  
Linked in rustic dance appear  
Spanish maid and cavalier ;  
Light they lead the dance along,  
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
Mirth and merriment and song,  
Castanet and saraband :  
Then upon a neighbouring hill  
Bands of echoes lurking still,  
Spring from ambush, dance and play,  
Lightly, merrily as they.

When the evening's magic power  
Tips with gold the heather flower,  
And all the plain delights the eye  
With setting sunbeam's warmest dye ;  
When along the silent grove  
Meditation loves to rove,  
All is sleeping, all is mute,  
Save the warbling, dying strain,  
Seeming sweetly to complain,  
Breathing from the shepherd's flute ;  
Then, if chance the cadence fall  
On some tower or abbey wall,  
Oh, how lightly echoes bear  
A fainter strain  
Away again,  
And melt it gently into air !

Seated by a dripping well,  
When a cavern spans it round,  
Many an echo loves to dwell,  
List'ning to the liquid sound :  
Since the driplets first begun,  
She hath told them one by one ;  
Day and night her station kept,  
Never slumbered, never slept ;  
But as drop by drop they die,  
Each she pays a single sigh,  
A momentary elegy.

Often, seated on the shore,  
We love to mock the ocean's roar ;  
Often, at the break of dawn,  
We carol to the huntsman's horn ;  
Oft, at evening in the dale,  
On feet of air we steal along,  
Listening to the shepherd's tale,  
Or warbling to the shepherd's song :  
Half the charms that music knows  
To our mellowing power she owes ;  
But for us the sounds would fly  
Harsh, unmodulated by,  
And reft of half their melody.

From the Annual Register.

## BRYNHILDA ; A POEM

By the Rev. William Herbert author of *Helga*.

Concluded.

SHE heard him with anguish, and raising  
her head,  
She gaz'd on his features, then proudly she  
said :

" I chuse not two husbands, and marvel  
that thou [woe.  
Should'st dare thus intrude in my chamber of  
Heaven witness, proud Sigurd, how firmly I  
loved !

My fancy adored thee, my reason approved.  
Thou saw'st me in bloom of my glory and  
youth, [ise of truth ;

And our hearts interchang'd the chaste prom-  
'Mid the damsels of Hlyndale no maid wasso  
fair,

So courted in bower, so dreaded in war.  
Like a virgin of slaughter I roved o'er the sea,  
My arm was victorious, my valour was free.  
By prowess, by Runic enchantment and song,  
I raised up the weak, and I beat down the  
strong.

I held the young prince 'mid the hurly of war,  
My arm way'd around him the charm'd scim-  
itar ;

I saved him in battle, I crown'd him in hall,  
Though Odin and fate had foredoom'd him to  
fall. [my head ;

Hence Odin's dread curses were pour'd on  
He doom'd the undaunted Brynhilda to wed .  
But I vow'd the high vow which Gods dare  
not gainsay, [away :

That the bravest in warfare should bear me  
And full well I knew that thou Sigurd, alone  
Of mortals, the boldest in battle had shone,  
I knew that none other the furnace could stem  
(So wrought was the spell, and so fierce was  
the flame)

Save Sigurd the glorious, the slayer of kings,  
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and  
his rings. [resign'd

Now thy treason has marr'd me, to Gunnar  
By the force of the spell, when my reason  
was blind.

At my nuptials, I loath'd the embrace of his  
lust,

But I smother'd my hate, and conceal'd my  
disgust ;

And sooner than forfeit the faith which I gave  
At the altar to him, I will sink in my grave.  
Like a brother thou slept'st in the gloom by  
my side, [bride,

And pure as the day-star was Gunnar's young  
Yet hence did Gudruna revile me, and say  
In the arms of proud Sigurd despoiled I lay.  
Now, Prince, shalt thou perish, if vengeance  
be due [true !

To love disappointed, though faithful and  
Though gallant thou ridest to the battle afar,  
Though foremost thy steed in the red fields of  
war, [night

Like the death-breathing blast of the pestilent  
My hate shall o'ertake thee, my fury shall  
smite !"

He left her desponding ; then sadly she rose,  
Like a lily all pale, from the couch of her  
woes.

Stream loosely the ringlets of jet o'er her  
breast, [oppress ;

And her eyes' ray was languid, with sorrow  
Yet lovely she mov'd like the silvery beam  
Of the moonlight that kisses the slow-gliding  
stream.

She sought Gunnar's chamber, awhile by his  
side [cried :  
Stood mournfully pensive, then sternly she

"To thee have I pledg'd my firm oath as  
thy bride,  
And Gunnar, I hate thee ! yet be it not said,  
That Budela's proud daughter her faith has  
betray'd.  
To thee (woe the hour !) by the vengeance of  
Heaven,  
The flower of my youth and my fealty was  
given. [frail love  
Nor mortal shall dare with the breath of  
The heart of ill-fated Brynhilda to move.  
But never again shall I rest on thy bed,  
And ne'er on my breast shalt thou pillow thy  
head, [hour  
Till slain by thy steel in the night's silent  
The treach'rous Sigurd lies stiff in his gore :  
Till by treason he falls, who by treason has  
left  
Brynhilda of joy and of honour bereft."

Sad Gunnar, what strife thy fond bosom  
must rend ! [friend !

First gaze on her beauty, then think of thy  
The slumber of midnight has seal'd his bold  
eyes,

In the arms of Gudruna defenceless he lies.  
'T is done ! in his blood the cold warrior is  
found,

But breathless his murd'rer lies on the ground.  
Though gored and expiring, ere lifeless he fell,  
Stout Sigurd's arm sent his assassin to hell.

Mid the night's baleful gloom, see the  
torches that glare ! [the air !

The mourners that give their wild locks to  
She has mounted the funeral pile with the  
slain, [shrieking train.

With her slaves, with her women, a loud  
The fairest, the noblest, for honour and truth,  
In the prime of her glory, the bloom of her  
youth, [dead,

The fire shall consume them the living and  
And in one lofty mound their cold ashes be  
laid.

## LONDON

### INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

**I**N consequence of a statement in a public  
journal, that the late Mr. Smithson Ten-  
nant had discovered a small quantity of arsenic  
in the Indian cast steel or wootz, Mr.  
THOMAS GILL, of St. James's-street, remarks  
that such a union is sometimes made in this  
country where very great hardness and  
strength in steel articles are required, but the  
process is in very few hands. Thus, contin-  
ues he, some locksmith can make slit-saws  
which will readily saw through a case-har-  
dened key ; and I have heard of some cele-  
brated makers of awls, which, slender as they  
are, will yet penetrate through a shilling  
without bending or breaking ; and I know  
that this extraordinary hardness or density  
is given by quenching them heated to a due  
degree in a solution of arsenic in animal  
oils ; but I shall reserve the communication  
of the exact process for a work which I have  
long had it in contemplation to publish on  
the treatment of iron and steel in general,  
and particularly according to the superior  
processes employed by my late father, my-  
self and others which I have made it a study  
to obtain. With regard to wootz, I know  
that an old and celebrated maker of sextants  
and other mathematical instruments, has  
found that a dividing knife made of wootz,  
hardened in a particular manner, stands better  
than any he had before ; and I have had a  
desk-knife made by my own process, of wootz  
re-cast in this country, in constant use for three  
years and eight months without its edge being  
in the least degree injured, or even requiring  
to be set. I trust that these facts will induce  
the manufacturers of cast steel in this country  
to make experiments with a view to its im-  
provements, by the union of arsenic with it  
during fusion ; from which results of the utmost  
importance may probably be obtained, and  
Britain no longer remain under the stigma  
of being excelled by the simple Hindoo in  
one of its staple articles.

A Mr. Nichols, of the Nant, near Monmouth,  
has invented a sowing plough, which has six  
shears, turning three furrows to the right, and  
three to the left, and completing two small  
wheat ridges. The proprietor has sown eight

acres with it in the course of the day. It will  
do the work of six men and six boys ; and,  
with an extra boy to guide a barrow which is  
attached to one of its sides, it will do the  
work of fifteen people and twelve horses !  
Nothing can be better, if it makes provisions  
cheap, and accessible with less manual labour  
---but nothing worse, if it deprive men of  
labour, and should not make provisions propor-  
tionably cheaper.---*Mon. Mag.*

We have the high gratification of announc-  
ing the arrival of a series of productions in the  
arts which have been presented to English-  
men by his holiness the pope, some of which  
are copies of works of established merit, and  
some original.---These proofs of an increas-  
ing spirit of conciliation between those who  
have been educated in notions of hostility, are  
not only interesting to the moralist, but to the  
artist, as the first indication of good feeling  
& gratitude evinced in transmitting from one  
soil to another the works of the sculptor or the  
painter ; and we trust that the day is not far  
distant when Britain will confer an equal ob-  
ligation in presenting to Italy the productions  
of Flaxman, of West, or of Haydon.---

*For H. R. H. the Prince Regent.*

Head of a Bacchante---Head of Semele---  
Bust of Ocean---Bust of Ajax---The Torso, in  
marble---Menander sitting---Antinous, or  
perhaps Mercury---Apollo, playing on the  
Harp---The Nine Muses---Cæsar---The Quoit  
Player---Bust of Jupiter Serapis---Meleager  
---Group of Laocoon---Apollo Belvidere---  
Dying Gladiator---Venus---Antinous---Flora  
---Mars---Juno---Cupid and Psyche---Joy,  
sitting---Concord, sitting---Paris and Venus,  
by Canova---Pieces of Porphyry, and other  
stone, which it is suggested will do well to  
form some part of the proposed monument to  
celebrate the Victory of Waterloo.

*For Lord Castlereagh.*

Four Fames, in gilt metal, in boxes, with  
appropriate emblems.

*For Lord Holland.*

A picture, by M. Wicar, a French Artist.  
Besides others to the Marquis Camden,  
Messrs. Hamilton and Clark.